Southern
PARTISAN
Volume V Number 4 Fall 1985 $3.00

The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln

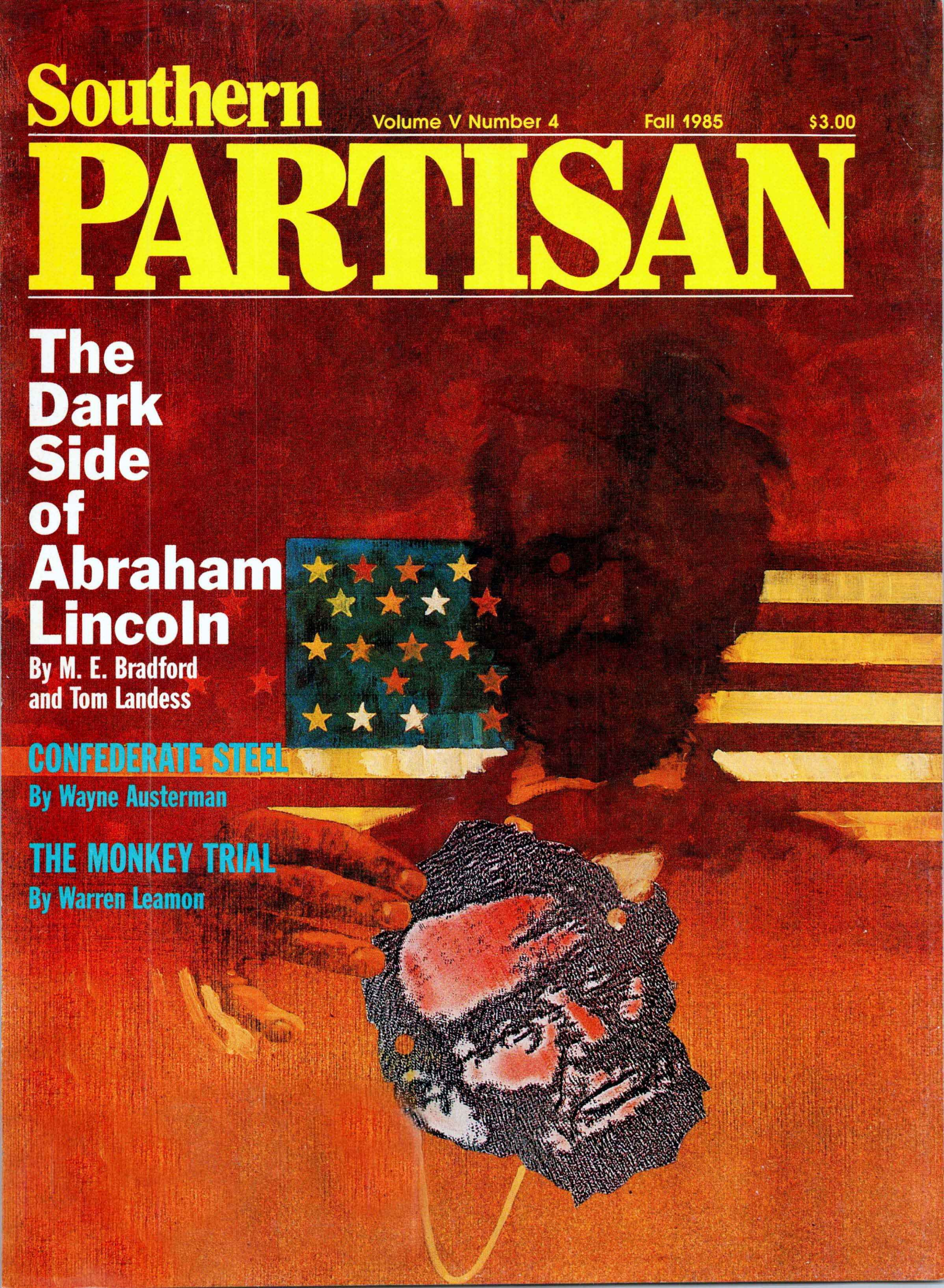
By M. E. Bradford and Tom Landess

CONFEDERATE STEEL

By Wayne Austerman

THE MONKEY TRIAL

By Warren Leamon



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"Stonewall"

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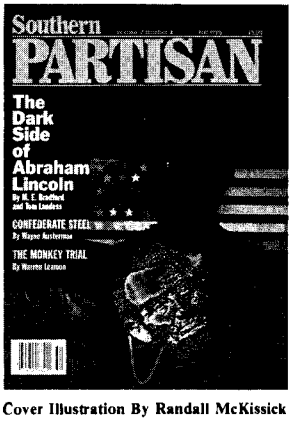

Cover Illustration By Randall McKissick

ON THE COVER

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Hair Today, . . .

Gentlemen:

I must write to protest the graphic distortion of my features in the latest issue of the *Partisan* (Summer 1985 Issue). According to the illustration used for my column, "Trivium" it appears as if there are several long, wire-like hairs growing out of my left nostril. Anyone who has seen me knows that such is not the case.

On the other hand, I have also noted that the drawing of Richard Quinn is quite obviously rendered from an old college photograph, because he appears to be some twenty years younger and some thirty pounds lighter. The same is true of Reid Buckley, who, in the graphic for "The Last Word," is depicted as a man of regular, even pleasing features. The portrait of John Hurley is also deceptively clean-cut and bright-eyed.

Let me hasten to say that I don't object to idealized sketches of the editorial staff. Indeed, I think that such distortions have their place in a publication which is, to some degree, striving to please the eye as well as the intellect. But I do believe that the principle should be fairly and impartially applied. I would hope to see something done about those hairs before the next issue.

Thomas H. Landess
Associate Editor
Edisto Island, South Carolina

Editor's Note: Done. *See page 9.*

Ohio Reacts

Gentlemen:

A native of Ohio, I happened to be visiting in a Southern home where my hosts subscribe to the *Southern Partisan*, which is the only reason why I read your rag and saw the story about Ohioians. In the first place, it is not true that all Ohio women are fat. As a matter of fact, my wife who is forty-seven years old is five foot six inches and weighs 84 pounds. On the other hand, the wife of my host, a native of Alabama or some such place, weighs well over 175 pounds, although she isn't much over five feet tall. The idea that Northern women are fat by choice is a hasty generalization—the result of limited experience. The women of Cleveland are noted for their stylishness and beauty. More Cleveland women have become photographers' models than women from any other city in the country, according to a recent Ohio magazine.

As for the South being full of a variety of names, ethnic backgrounds, etc., I'm not sure that's anything to brag about. In the early part of the nineteenth-century the Know-Nothing Party dedicated to ethnic purity was strong in Ohio and Illinois—which may well be why there are so many Anglo-Saxon names there to this day.

Frankly, we prefer it that way.

John Sanders
Cleveland, Ohio

Suggestions

Gentlemen:

The *Southern Partisan* is surely among the most important magazines published in the United States over the past fifty years. Well-edited, at times brilliantly written, it is a joy to behold every time it arrives. You are to be congratulated on a remarkable performance. You have revived a past that many of us had thought dead, and you have given it a life and vitality it has not enjoyed since Appomattox.

Having said all this, I would like to offer three suggestions which I hope will be received in the spirit they are offered. First, why don't you get somebody to proof the magazine? People as literate and informed as you obviously are can surely catch the mistakes that have been cropping up in ever-increasing numbers over the past four issues. It is a shame to submit yourself to the criticism of pettiness, when everything else about your magazine is so beautifully executed.

Second, why don't you go to a bi-monthly publication, or better yet, a monthly. Magazines like *National Review* and *The New Republic* are read with greater respect because they deal reflectively with matters that have occurred in the relatively recent past. The *Southern Partisan* should have the same impact on its readership, and I'm sure you have the writers and staff to turn out a lively magazine with great frequency.

And third, why don't you sponsor a Southern book club, one that would offer your readership a selection of current books on the region and its past at premium prices. I don't know all the economic ramifications of such an operation, but I'm sure you could manage it and perhaps even make additional revenues to supplement your increased number of issues.

Now that I've solved your major problems, I will sign off. Again, congratulations on publishing the best magazine now in existence.

George Baynard
Houston, Texas

Editor's Note: On the points you raise:

1. We have a new proofreading system in place beginning with this issue. In addition to author proofs, a very kind lady (Mrs. Mary Barbara Tate) has agreed to check behind us. Also, a new staff member (Mr. Gillespie) will lose a finger for each typo that appears in future issues.

2. We do plan to switch to bi-monthly in 1986. Funds are now being raised for that purpose.

3. We have often thought and talked about a Southern book club. If other readers are interested, we'd love to hear from them.

For these points and the balance of your letter, thank you.

Who's In Grant's Tomb?

Gentlemen:

As a recent and delighted subscriber to **SP**, permit me to suggest as an additional thought to your piece on U.S. Grant that now at least we know who is not buried in Grant's Tomb: it most certainly is not Grant. From your thoughful, insightful and highly partisan arguments I am convinced he just could not have brought off being in place on time at his funeral. Unlike some contemporary Republicans, however, he did believe in trying to pay off his debts — an attribute not to be denied. No, it isn't Grant in Grant's tomb. More likely it was one of the first in a long line of graffiti defacers and that is why the tomb in mid-town New York continues to this

day to bear the scribbles of the yahoos; it is the ghost trying to exorcise itself.

Ed Turner, Executive Vice-President
Cable News Network
Atlanta, GA

Strong Stuff

Gentlemen:

I do very much enjoy reading your journal, although rather in the mode of those old ads for Listerine mouthwash. Which is a good deal more than I can say about the journals of your ideological adversaries.

Eugene D. Genovese
Ithaca, NY

Editor's Note: For more from the distinguished Professor Genovese, see our ***Partisan Convesation*** *on page 35.*

Whose Flag is Whose

Gentlemen:

The letters concerning the Confederate flag appearing in the Summer 1985 edition of the ***Southern Partisan*** brought to mind a conversation between my wife and me a few years ago.

My wife, a native South Carolinian, and I, a native Georgian, were sitting in the living room after supper. Out of a clear blue sky and apropos of nothing she said, "During the War we had our own flag." "Yes", I replied. "Well", she asked, "what flag did the Yankees have?"

Though puzzled by her question, I realized she was serious, and so I said, "The United States flag."

"You mean the *American* flag?"

"Yes."

"Well", she snorted, "that wasn't fair. They had no right to that flag, an if they'd had any gumption they would they would have gotten their own flag the way we did.

I didn't know what else to say.

Robert J. Reynolds
Alexandria, VA

Help's On The Way

Gentlemen:

Please speed delivery so that I can begin recruiting the Army of Northern New Mexico!

Justin Davey
Albuquerque, MN

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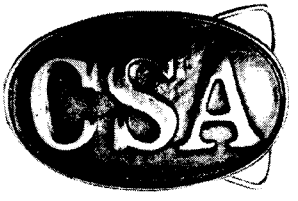

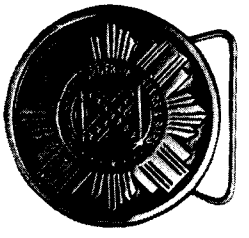

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PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

NORTH AND SOUTH

The North. A beacon of industry and progress.

The South. Bound to traditions that would cause its own destruction.

That's how the announcer introduced each segment of ***North and South,*** the ABC TV miniseries that dominated national television for a full week of November prime time. From these few words of introduction, you'd think that Southerners would groan and realize immediately that they were about to be done in again, that the same old lies invented by the creator of Uncle Tom were about to be updated and retold for a new generation.

Not so. Curiously, the Southern press has accepted ***North and South*** (John Jakes' novel that ABC adapted for television) as a faithful rendering of history. The ***Nashville Banner*** really got carried away, calling the Jakes book "one of the great novels of American history."

Of course, Jakes has suggested that the makers of the miniseries didn't follow his story very closely. But for the most part, the miniseries was faithful to the book. The problem is that both were unfaithful to history in ways both large and small.

For example, we see an early secessionist rally in New Orleans of 1858. After the wild-eyed fire-eaters give a few speeches on state's rights and call for an independent Southern country, the crowd bursts spontaneously into the singing of ***Dixie.*** Unhappily for Mr. Jakes, ***Dixie*** wasn't written until 1859.

The biggest piece of historical nonsense centers on the causes of the War. While Jakes does portray his main abolitionist character (Virgilia Hazard) as a fanatic eager to see blood spilled in her cause, still he suggests in subtle ways that anti-slavery sentiment was widespread in the north prior to the outbreak of war and indeed that the issue of human bondage was the central cause of war.

The truth is that most northerners regarded the abolitionists as a small group of dangerous radicals. Indeed, an abolitionist editor, Elijah Lovejoy, was killed by an angry mob in Illinois. Lincoln, even after he reversed himself on emancipation well into the War years, was regarded as a great enemy of the abolitionists, many of whom celebrated his assassination. Even New Yorkers made it clear during the Draft Riots, when they hung blacks from the lamp posts in Manhattan, that they weren't willing to fight a war to free the slaves.

At the beginning of the War, the issue was not whether slavery could be maintained in those states (both North and South) where the institution existed. The argument was over the territories. The prevailing sentiment in the north was that free labor should not have to compete with slave labor in the new states. Indeed, at its heart, the Free Soilers were anti-slavery ***because*** they were anti-black. They didn't want blacks in their part of the country at all, slave or free.

But even those arguments were not the cause of war. The reason the political dispute led to military conflict was this: the Republican administration was not willing to preside over what they regarded as half a nation. Lincoln insisted on being everybody's President and a decision was made to enforce union at gunpoint.

So the War Between the States was fought over the definition of union, whether it was to be a voluntary association of sovereign states or a consolidated unit in which states were convenient administrative subdivisions, ultimately subordinate to a central authority.

The winning side, uncomfortable with the idea of a war for power, later preferred thinking of it in more romantic terms, as a war for emancipation.

John Jakes' ***North and South*** continues this exercise in righteous self-delusion (and on these pages we continue reminding folks that it just ain't true).

Of course most people—even most Southerners—argue that it all happened so long ago that it doesn't really matter. But not everybody thinks that way.

On location in Charleston, when the cameras were ready to roll, a stubborn lady who lived in a nearly antebellum house kept parking her car in the camera's eye and hanging signs: "THIS HOME NOT FOR FILMING."

Frustrated, the director decided to sweet talk the lady, and she told him her big complaint was all that unsightly dirt they had hauled in to dump on the streets for authenticity. The director reminded her that her beautiful old home had stood for decades before the age of asphalt, and that surely four more days wouldn't hurt anything.

"In those days," she told him with a straight face, "it was a different kind of dirt."

OBITER DICTA

THE ENVELOPE PLEASE

Nobody asked. But just in case they do, here are our suggestions for special 1985 Emmy Awards:

- **The Cecil B. DeMille Award** for historical anachronism to the makers of the ABC-TV miniseries **North and South** for the electric door bells and telephone poles clearly visible on antebellum sets; **and** for their attempt to achieve 120 year-old authenticity by hauling in dirt to cover the streets of Charleston, South Carolina—a city famous for 200 year-old brick and cobblestone streets.
- **The Shake and Bake Award** to the accent coach of **North and South** for the most offensive collection of mock-Southern voices recorded during the filming of a television miniseries.
- **The Godzilla Award, Magnolia Division** to David Carradine for his feature role in **North and South** as the evil Justin La Mott, easily the hokiest monster ever filmed outside of Japan.
- **The Yasser Arafat Award** to Johnny Cash for his portrayal of John Brown, the terrorist, as a pretty nice guy who just feels strongly about a few things.
- **The Max Factor Beautification Award** to the **North and South** make-up artists who managed simultaneously to improve the appearance of Hal Holbrook **and** Abraham Lincoln by giving Holbrook a chin and removing the large wart on Lincoln's face.
- And to the South Carolina Film Commission, the boosters, the politicians and other hustlers in Charleston who catered to the producers of **North and South** we offer only an observation: sell-outs are not really remarkable in our time. But, my, you're all so inexpensive.

HERE WE GO AGAIN

From time to time we receive ugly letters because we have presumed to criticize the Ku Klux Klan, an organization whose membership in recent years has been much higher outside the South than in the region. Well, here's a case in point to illustrate the reasons for our criticism.

Recently one of our editors received a fund-raising letter from an organization dedicated to the prosecution of the Alabama Klansmen who lynched a black student in Mobile. Curious about this incident, which had somehow escaped us, we called the Mobile Police Department and talked to a spokesman. Sure enough, a couple of years ago some Klansmen had indeed lynched a black student, and the color photograph our editor had received in the mail was legitimate.

But what about the letter's implication that justice had not been done, that funds were still needed to prosecute the culprits? The policeman explained patiently: One of the murderers was on death row awaiting execution, and the other was serving a life sentence. The police were very anxious to point out that they had investigated the matter thoroughly, had solved the crime, and that the chief perpetrator was going to pay with his life. In other words, local authorities were on top of the situation. No need for *ad hoc* assistance.

When we asked why we had missed the story on national news, the policeman, a young and careful lieutenant, sighed deeply. "Gee, I really don't know. We thought pretty nearly everybody had been down here and covered the story." Behind the sigh lay unplumbable depths of frustration. He was a Southerner as well as a policeman. He didn't need to tell us what had been said and written by CBS, the Associated Press, and the *New York Times*. So, what *really* happened in Mobile, Alabama?

An innocent young man was murdered. The black community was enraged. Two Klansmen were brought to justice. One will be executed, and the other will be in jail for the rest of his life.

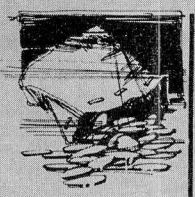
Beyond that, a self-righteous leftist organization dedicated to the exploitation of racial unrest in the South had been given a sure-fire issue with which to raise money for months, even years, to come.

The South, which had all but eliminated such racial violence, was again the subject of national vilification. Now, whenever Southerners argue that lynching just doesn't happen anymore in our region, critics will be able to say: "Nonsense, why a few years ago a black boy in Mobile was...."

For all these deplorable developments we can thank a miniscule group of ignorant and mean-spirited peckerwoods who desecrate the memory of a man like Nathan Bedford Forrest and bring undeserved disgrace to the good people of Alabama.

GOOD NEWS/ BAD NEWS

At their recent national convention, the College Republicans elected a new slate of officers, and guess where the majority came from? That's right! Four out of the six were Southerners: National Chairman—David Minor of North Carolina; Treasurer—Vic Bancroft from Georgia; Executive Director—George Hancock, a Kentuckian; and Communications Director—Dennis Kilcoyne, another Tarheel. As Minor put it, "The Ivy Leaguers don't call the shots any more in the College Republican National



SCALAWAG AWARD

All Scalawags are not arrogant traitors. Some, it seems, are smiling wimps who look the aggressor in the face and then fall to the ground and lick the soles of his boots. Of such is Albert Gore, Jr., newly-elected senator from Tennessee.

The scene: a crowded hearing room on Capital Hill. One Frank Zappa is testifying. He has made millions of dollars playing the same chords over and over again into an amplifier and shouting mercifully unintelligible lyrics in a hoarse voice. Mostly the people who listen to him are unloved children, but today on Capitol Hill everyone is listening to him as if he were some back-alley Zarathustra. Flashbulbs pop. Reporters scribble. And the senators bend forward in their pin-striped suits, nodding seriously, occasionally jotting words on their note pads. One of these, Senator Gore, is particularly attentive.

And well he might be! For Mr. Zappa is mumbling something about the Senator's wife. Her name, it seems, is Tipper; and Zappa is mimicking her in front of the television cameras, speaking in an ersatz Southern drawl and saying that Mrs. Gore is kinky, that she derives vicarious erotic pleasure from listening to the obscenity in current popular music. There is a moment's silence. Then the chairman turns to his colleagues on the rostrum and asks if there are any questions. Senator Gore?

Well, yes. Senator Gore *does* have something to say. He wants Mr. Zappa to know that he (Albert Gore, Jr.) enjoys Mr. Zappa's music, is in fact a big fan—an *avid* fan, one who admires Mr. Zappa's creative talents and has derived much pleasure from them.

That might have been the end of the matter had not a committee colleague of Gore's, Senator Slade Gorton, a Republican from Washington State, expressed surprise that Senator Gore had not defended his own wife before the committee audience.

Tennessee has not always produced politicians of such cringing sensibilities. Andrew Jackson, as we recall, defended his wife's good name on the field of honor.

Perhaps apologists for Senator Gore will argue that he was merely following the Christian injunction to turn the other cheek. But in this case, the cheek was not his own but his wife's —an entirely different matter.

Gore should know better. Apparently he doesn't. Or else his spine is made of lemon jelly. In either case, he gets our Scalawag Award this time—and with an oak leaf cluster.

Committee... the future of the GOP is in the South."

That's the good news. But unfortunately the Ivy Leaguers still call the shots in the White House where a presidential aide (Mr. Robert Tuttle) recently told Professor Mel Bradford of Texas, who is easily the most qualified person under presidential consideration for National Archivist, that he (Bradford) probably would not get the job because in several scholarly works he had "taken the side of the South in the Civil War." Tuttle was *not* joking.

As we go to press, Bradford's supporters have begun to put the issue into proper perspective, telling the White House that the matter has now gone beyond personalities; that if the administration wants to use northern historical prejudices as a litmus test for high office, then there will surely be grave political consequences. We understand that no less a figure than Senator John East has put that proposition to the White House.

Regardless of how the matter is resolved—and we're betting that Bradford will be passed over—please write, wire or call the White House and tell the President's staff that the George Bush supporters (and it is they who are behind all this) must not be allowed to bar long-time Reagan supporters from office on such specious grounds... not if they expect to command the Southern loyalties in 1988. The man to address is Haley Barber; Office of Political Affairs; The White House; Old Executive Office Building; Washington, DC 20500.

Please do this. You can't imagine how much difference each letter will make.

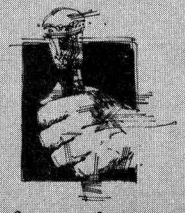
GLORY, GLORY

Governor Frank Harris of Georgia has seen the glory of the coming of the hoard—those transplanted Yankees who have come roaring down to Georgia in search of Sunbelt dollars. In addition to a van full of Sears-Roebuck furniture, these Instant Southerners bring with them a trunkful of prejudices, one of which is that the old South was wicked and that its sins should be remembered. There are so many of these folks in Atlanta that you can stroll the entire length of Peachtree Street without seeing a smile or hearing a kind word.

Well, now the question of Martin Luther King Day has come before the public scrutiny: and the Governor, faced with the necessity of bumping one of the existing holidays, has chosen —you guessed it—Jefferson Davis's Birthday. Oh, why not? Half the people in the Georgia state capital have never heard of Davis, and another fourth think he was Uncle Tom's overseer. No one knows any history... No one cares about truth... All they can do is count votes and raise taxes.

Let's see now! They already have a Martin Luther King Freeway (formerly named for Nathan Bedford Forrest) and a Martin Luther King Center. Soon they will have Martin Luther King Day. And next year, heaven knows what. Before this madness to obliterate history has subsided, Harris may be issuing proclamations from Martin Luther King City in the sovereign state of King. After all, who the heck knows or cares about this fellow George?

PRESTON BROOKS AWARD



As most of you know, Preston Brooks was the patriotic Southerner responsible for caning Charles Sumner, a New Englander of mean sensibilities who had proven disregard for the truth. For years we have been waiting to establish an award in Brooks' memory, and at last the occasion has presented itself.

It seems that a group of Presbyterians, armed only with their own moral certitude and a frantic resolution condemning South Africa, made the strategic error of petitioning Senator John East's office to support their call for economic sanctions. As fate would have it, they were met by the irrepressible Sam Francis, Senator East's foreign policy advisor, a man who has made it his business to know in precise detail exactly what *is* going on around the world —opposed to what TV rhetoricians *say* is going on. Francis patiently listened to the familiar charges, the inevitable phrases, anticipating precisely the adjectives and adverbs. Then, in a rare moment of anger, he let the ecclesiastical envoys have it.

According to the *Raleigh Times* (which still thinks the WPA is a fresh idea), Francis told the assembled churchpersons to "take your [expletive deleted] petition. I wouldn't show it to Helms or East. I wouldn't waste time with it." According to the Reverend Carole Chase, he also said, "If I had my way, I'd stomp people like you into the earth!" Ms. Chase said she had "never been so insulted in my life."

Of course Francis shouldn't have been so ugly to these sweet little ol' things, who came pirouetting into Senator East's office completely unaware that the snake was in the Garden and everyone in Washington was running around in fig leaves. But somehow, he knew just how far to go, just how much to say, just how fiercely to huff and puff. You will recall that Preston Brooks didn't kill Charles Sumner. He just "skint a place on him." And that's about all Sam Francis did. But it was enough to earn him our first "Preston Brooks Award." We are certain it will not be the last.

ALL THAT GLITTERS...

Best selling author Sheldon Vanauken (**A Severe Mercy, Under the Mercy**) will soon be releasing his latest work, **Glittering Illusion**. Vanauken's book, published by the Foundation for American Education, is a revealing look at the British Foreign Office during the War Between the States. His research has led him to conclude that had Lee not been so formidable a general, there is no doubt that England would have actively entered the War—on our side! We are always glad to see words coming from Vanauken's pen and are especially happy about this particular work.

According to Foundation president Charles Hamel, a limited edition of 150 signed and numbered books will be sent to anyone making a contribution of $40.00 or more. The book is expected to be released in approximately six weeks.

Interested readers should contact the Foundation for American Education; P. O. Box 274; Glendale, SC 29346.

PROFITT AND LOSS

"I came out here from a big city to raise my family," said one mother. "I've been threatened to have my house burned down. I decided this wasn't a safe place to raise my kids."

And surely she is right. Every night, the Profitt subdivision becomes a prowling ground for gangs of teenage punks, bent on mindless destruction. Lives have been threatened. Pets gratuitously killed. One house, unoccupied at the time, was broken into and completely destroyed by the marauding bands—the walls torn down, the plumbing and electrical fixtures yanked out, and the inside structure completely gutted. The law enforcement agencies say they can do nothing, that state law is too soft and ambiguous, that even if the offenders were apprehended, they could not be convicted and punished because all are minors.

Where is all this happening? In New York City? Detroit? Watts? No, indeed! It's happening in Elizabethton, Tennessee—a town in the eastern part of the state near the North Carolina border... and the residents are literally afraid for their lives.

One deputy sheriff said wistfully, "I hope the courts take action before a decent citizen is incarcerated for taking the law into his own hands."

Read that statement again and you will find the source of this tragedy: the juveniles involved *cannot* be arrested but if a private citizen responds in kind to this violence, he will surely be *"incarcerated."*

Have you ever seen a more dramatic example of what is presently wrong with American jurisprudence? We are slipping slowly but surely back into the Middle Ages—a time when personal safety was the single most pressing problem of everyday life. But of course we are, in some respects, worse off than the residents of a medieval village. At least the King was sensible enough to reserve his favor for his most loyal subjects.

In our time, values are reversed. Civil authority has become the protector of those who breach the law and the bain of those who uphold it.

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

FORGET, HELL!

You've all seen the little man with the long white moustache dressed in the Confederate uniform who, with a belligerent look on his face, says, "Forget, hell!" Somebody has made a lot of money from this image because—whether he strikes us as outrageous or funny—he represents an enduring truth about Southerners and about our relationship with the nation as a whole. There are many of us who still feel that way, not because we don't want to forget, but because over the 120 years since the War ended, we have not been *allowed* to forget. In order to express the true reality of our position in the Union today, what we need is an entirely different little man—one wearing a three-piece suit and a Union cap who perpetually points an accusing finger in our direction. His caption would read simply, "Remember!"

The degree to which this character dominates the dialogue between the sections today is known only to Southerners, constantly looking down the barrel of that long accusing forefinger. Like Jews and Blacks, we know when we're being insulted or patronized, even if our abusers are unconsciously exercising their bigotry. A case in point.

During the advent of Hurricane Gloria earlier this fall, those of us who live on the coast of the Carolinas were camped in front of our television sets, waiting for the next update from the National Weather Bureau, making lists of valuables to pack in the car when the word came to evacuate. We'd already endured the same agony earlier in the season when Hurricane Bob came ashore; and while that storm had been comparatively mild, Gloria was bringing winds of 150 miles an hour.

Many of us were preparing ourselves for devastating losses of property, as the national news came on at 6:30 P.M. At our house, we were watching NBC and saw with horror our own small island pinpointed as the precise target of the storm.

Eager for details of our fate, we waited. But NBC, it turned out, wasn't interested in those Southern states directly in the path of the hurricane. "What if the thing turned north?" they said worriedly. "What if New York City *itself* were to be struck by such a hurricane?" The rest of the segment was devoted to such an unlikely possibility. New Yorkers and other northeasterners were told what they might expect, what precautions they should take, how they should behave. Local citizens were interviewed. Local authorities quizzed. Then, we were off to Mexico to see that unfortunate nation digging itself out of the rubble of a major earthquake.

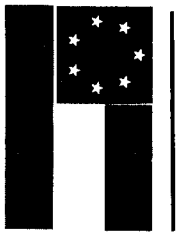
It was as if, during the Iranian hostage crisis, the networks instead of covering the events in Beruit had run a segment on what the New York police would do in the case of a hijacking at Kennedy Airport. The truth was, nobody in that network cared about the Carolinas—at least not when there was the remotest chance that some two days later their own part of the country might be threatened.

Ah, but that was early in the broadcast; and the subject was "present danger." Later, the South got more attention than, in all good conscience, it deserved. By then the subject was the black community—its perennial struggles, its small victories and continuing defeats—and Wednesday's segment focused on black crime. In this case, NBC flew a correspondent and crew all the way down to Houston—undoubtedly because there wasn't sufficient incidence of crime in Harlem or in south Philadelphia. Up and down the Texas streets the camera crews ranged, showing as much degradation as they could possibly air in three or four minutes. If we had been neglected in the hurricane story, we were more than compensated in the segment on the continuing Passion of American Blacks.

I would have thought the logic of the situation would have dictated exactly the opposite approach to both stories. At that particular time the hurricane was aimed at the Carolinas rather than at Manhattan, so why not warn *our* citizens, solicit *our* opinions, question *our* officials? On the other hand, there's enough crime right there in Little Old New York to serve as an exemplum for the rest of the nation. Why send all those folks way down to Houston?

Later that evening, I watched Pat Robertson on the Christian Broadcasting Network as he prayed that the hurricane would turn northward, that it would not again strike the Carolina coast, which had so recently been ravaged by a similar storm, that it would, in fact, head out in to open sea. Robertson was thinking of other people and not solely of the inhabitants of Virginia Beach, and I was grateful for his intercession.

But I found myself hoping that he would not overdo it, that he would pray hard enough to steer Gloria north of Virginia, but not so hard that it would turn out to sea and miss new York City. It was an uncharitable thought, and I tried to put it out of my mind, but as the evening wore on it kept returning to trouble me; and I found myself growling in my historic resentment, in my frustration, in my all-too-human rage: "Forget, hell!"



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

As we go to press, the residents of Brookside, Alabama are hugging their shotguns and keeping one eye open at night. Something nasty is on the loose. At this writing, several pet rabbits and a couple of dogs have been killed and whatever it was also wounded a horse. Some folks suspect a mountain lion.

ARKANSAS

We all know about Arkansas from the comic books and television programs. It's full of good natured hillbillies that can only be described as "pore." Now comes the real truth from *Forbes* magazine: the richest man in the world lives in Arkansas; and he's about a billion dollars richer than the nearest runner-up. Ross Perot of Dallas. Who is he? Just plain ole Sam Walton, who drives a pickup truck, likes to hunt quail, and can be seen almost any morning having his first cup of coffee at a local greasy spoon.

Sam, it seems, has made it all himself by selling merchandise at unbelievably low prices, mostly to simple folks who don't mind waiting in line and hauling their purchases home themselves. Walton is the inventor of Wal-Mart, perhaps America's most successful chain of retail stores; and he has replaced Gordon Getty as the nation's richest human being, because Getty had to split up his enormous holdings with the rest of the family.

Mostly Wal-Mart has been a Southern operation catering to people who are used to living frugally and shopping carefully in order to make ends meet. So dramatic has been Wal-Mart's success at quantity buying, that they sell many items (e. g., toasters) for less than wholesale distributors. And as a consequence, the pore folks who go to Wal-Mart instead of Neiman-Marcus, Lord and Taylors, etc. can afford many of the items owned by their rich counterparts from across the tracks, who wouldn't be caught dead in one of Sam's stores.

GEORGIA

The Atlanta Regional Commission is now claiming that the city's air traffic will increase by almost 50% over the next ten years—and that it will take $353 million to expand local airports to absorb the traffic.

What they didn't say publicly was that it will take twice that much to expand the sky, which even now is so filled with circling planes that there are kids in some sections of Atlanta who have never seen the sun except reflected off the window of a 727. One subcommittee of the Commission estimates that in order to accommodate the increase in aircraft, authorities will have to condemn and annex at least 150,000 square miles of sky from five surrounding counties and move it above Atlanta International. (Transportation costs alone will run in excess of $100 million).

FLORIDA

One piece of evidence that Florida is still a Southern state:

A friend of ours, a Tallahassee attorney, simply couldn't forget his country upbringing; so one day he came home to his house outside the city pulling a trailer along behind his Mercedes. Inside the trailer, snuffling and grunting, were two enormous hogs. His wife, who had been watching this unlikely procession from the kitchen window, met him at the back door, shaking her head.

"Oh no you don't," she said. "We're not going to have any hogs."

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean what I said. No hogs."

He stared at her in disbelief and then his eyes narrowed.

"Let me ask you a question or two," he said quietly. "First, have I ever smoked a cigarette?"

She admitted that he hadn't.

"Have I ever drunk anything alcoholic?"

She admitted that he hadn't.

"And have I ever run around with other women?"

She shook her head, trying not to smile.

He paused and looked her right in the eye.

"Well, it seems like I could have me a few hogs!"

By the next morning you could hear the sound of the handy-man's hammer as he constructed a brand new hogpen.

KENTUCKY

Ed McCord of Louisville is a happy man.

A few days ago he was driving his pickup down a winding mountain road when suddenly a green horsefly flew into the window and began buzzing around in the cab. For a while Ed adopted a policy of live-and-let-live but the fly was no pacifist. He lit on the back of Ed's neck and stung him, then buzzed off as Ed clobbered himself in an effort to kill the fly.

Ed, seeing his chance out of the corner of his eye, suddenly lunged across the cab and began flailing the window pane with both hands. Unattended, the steering wheel spun wildly and the truck dived off the mountainside. A trucker who was just behind Ed said that the 1981 pickup turned over three times before it came to rest.

That evening, lying in the hospital—two legs and one arm in a cast—Ed said through wired teeth: "Sure, I may be in here a while. But I got that damn fly!"

LOUISIANA

As we go to press Governor Edwards is still in court, arguing that while he did do a good bit of that stuff they said he did, there wasn't nothing wrong with

what he done. All of this legal revelry is amusing to the rest of the nation, but many Louisianians are distressed that they are once again up for ridicule. The unique circumstances that produced Earl Long years ago and now Governor Edwards represent political traditions in confluences of culture that no one outside the State of Louisiana could possibly understand.

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi has produced more than its share of Miss Americas since the pageant began, but times have turned so ugly that Susan Akin, current crown holder, cannot even reign in peace without some reference to racial incidents of the past. First the *National Enquirer*, then *People*, and finally *Newsweek* began to suggest that her father and grandfather were involved in the murder of three Civil Rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi over twenty years ago.

But these publications have been properly rebuked by a good Mississippian Aaron Henry, who, with stinging irony, said that Miss Akin was "absolutely not responsible for that crisis." Under ordinary circumstances *People* and *Newsweek* could condemn such a defense as "Southern chauvinism," but it seems that Henry could not be dismissed so easily, probably because of the job he holds down. He is President of the NAACP.

MISSOURI

Nothing is happening these days in Missouri that is quite as important as what happened there a couple of weeks ago when Missourians played host to their first-ever "intra-state" World Series.

Athletics are in one sense unimportant, since they don't perceptively alter the direction of the Republic. But in another sense they are high ceremony, communal rituals which bind the nation and purge the soul (assuming, of course, that no one is killed or maimed in the process). It is significant that in Homer's *Iliad* the action comes to an end, not with slaughter on the field of battle but with competitive games between civilized enemies. That's what happened in our region last month, and we offer our congratulations, not only to the St. Louis Cardinals and the Kansas City Royals but also to the people of Missouri.

NORTH CAROLINA

The announcement of John East's retirement from the U.S. Senate is bad news for the country. In many ways he was the best man we had in Washington—brilliant, highly educated, and totally committed to principle. Few people know how courageously he fought the White House Trolls in an effort to install Mel Bradford as Chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities after all others had surrendered to the active will of James Baker III and the passive will of Ronald Reagan.

East, a disabled military hero, has suffered from recurring medical problems which he now feels cannot be resolved in sufficient time to allow him to serve his state and region for another term. Only in the interest of his health can we accept this decision, which will deprive us of a genuine champion in a public arena filled with cowards, trimmers, hypocrites, and a few good men.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Recently South Carolina legislators and their staff members were given a rare treat. GSX—a Washington state corporation—flew more than 80 of them out to Seattle for a little get-together. (GSX operates a hazardous waste land fill—not, you can be sure, in the crisp, clean northwest but in South Carolina, where the Governor and legislature seem perfectly agreeable to turning their state into a radioactive latrine.)

While in Seattle everyone ate and drank with merry abandon, toasting a thousand years of waste-dumping in the Palmetto State, oblivious to the fact that the smoked salmon they were wolfing down was just a little underdone. Dozing contentedly on the plane ride home, a few bureaucrats did awaken to dyspepsia and the taste of raw fish, but no one was worried—that is, not for several days.

The S.C. Department of Health and Environmental Control (which usually gives GSX a clean bill on their dumping operations) investigated a few ailing politicians and came to a chilling conclusion: South Carolina's legislators and their staff members had picked up a particularly pernicious parasite called a tapeworm. A tapeworm, the Department of Health informed them somberly, has an incubation of three to six weeks, can grow to a hundred feet in length, and if unattended can lead to anemia and "neurological problems."

We've tried and tried, but somehow we just can't seem to come up with a moral for this story.

TENNESSEE

At the age of 82 Andrew Lytle is putting the finishing touches on a book of monumental significance to Southerners. It is a collection of essays which will include some of the most important commentary ever written on the region's political thinkers.

Lytle's book will be published next year and will include not only his most significant early essays, but also the product of recent years. In fact, he is now at work on a literary piece which should shed new light on the works of Caroline Gordon and Evelyn Scott, two women who understood and wrote about traditional Southern ideas and attitudes.

TEXAS

It seems that a man was arrested in Texas for stealing a car in Florida, and as they tossed him into the Amarillo jail he told them that he was suffering from AIDS. When Texas called Florida and passed along this bit of information, Florida changed its mind about the whole matter and said that it didn't want the prisoner extradited after all.

Texas said, "Hold on, podner! This hear is yore prisoner, not mine:" whereupon there was static on the other end of the line followed by a dial tone. Now Texas is claiming that Florida won't answer the phone.

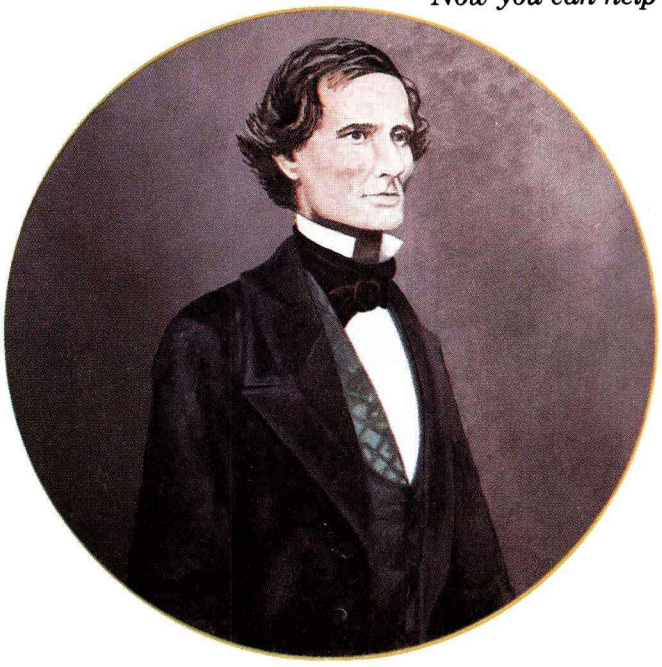
VIRGINIA

For the first time since the days of Harry Byrd, Virginia may be offering a favorite son for the presidency who represents the true heritage of the Old Dominion State: Pat Robertson, son of a United States Senator and head of the Christian Broadcasting Network. At present Robertson is giving the race "prayful consideration," and a number of traditionalists, both Southern and otherwise, are urging him to accept the challenge.

BEAUVOIR

The Historic Last Home of Jefferson Davis

Now you can help Preserve the Shrine



President Jefferson Davis

Varina Howell Davis

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(From actual photographs taken during the Montgomery Period, before the ravages of war aged our President and his beloved wife.)

Envision Jefferson Davis as he humbly takes the oath of office as President of The Confederate States of America; and our beautiful First Lady, dressesd for a Grand Soiree!

The Carolina China Company, Inc., of Lexington, North Carolina, has been commissioned by the Beauvoir Development Foundation, Inc. to execute these breathtaking fine porcelains. Each plate will be 8 1/2 inches in diameter, and individually hand-numbered, as part of a Limited Edition Series of only 10,000 sets in number. Each plate shall come beautifully packaged in a Collector's Case of Confederate Grey, bearing the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America — *embellished in gold!*

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SPECIAL REPORT ON BEAUVOIR

Biloxi—

On Labor Day morning, 1985, the view from Beauvoir Plantation was anything but beautiful. At six o'clock, Hurricane Elena struck the peaceful home of Jefferson Davis head-on with torrential rains and winds of 125 miles per hour. Sporadic tornadoes cut a wide swath of destruction across the Shrine's 50-plus acres.

Then, after moments of fury, the storm moved on, leaving in its wake untold million of dollars in damage to the Gulf Coast from Mobile to Pas Christian.

Providentially, the body of the main house was not badly damaged. The roof and chimneys took the brunt of the storm. The famed Library Pavilion, where Davis penned his immortal *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,* underwent extensive roof damage, caused by the felling of a mamouth 150 year old tree. However, the adjacent homes of the Superintendent, and the Maintenance Foreman were nearly leveled.

The greatest destruction occurred in the surrounding grounds and the Confederate Cemetery. Signs and fences around the property were leveled. Over 200 giant oak and cedar trees, many of which had been planted by Mrs. Davis, were uprooted or cracked asunder. In the Cemetery, a large number of the hallowed tombstones were torn from the earth.

Opened in 1940, Beauvoir receives no federal funding and must rely solely on the gifts of concerned individuals and monies generated from tourism to maintain itself. The same dedication that allowed Davis to survive during the War years, his false imprisonment and reconstruction characterizes the Joint Boards who govern the Shrine. Owned by the Mississippi Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Beauvoir is one of the few remaining tributes to this remarkable man of faith, courage and vision.

Recently, the dedicated men who are fighting to keep Beauvoir alive have initiated a $3 million expansion program which will include restoration of all present facilities and allow for future development which will culminate in 1989, the centennial year of President Davis' death.

Towards that end, a committee (consisting of the Joint Boards, Congressmen, Senators, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as well as other prominent citizens, including Robert E. Lee, IV) have commissioned the production and issuance of 24 commorative plates (**see the ad on the facing page**) depicting heroic generals and Southern ladies from the former Confederate states, including of course President and Mrs. Davis.

In his forword to Herman Frey's concise but moving biography of Davis, Mark Hatfield quotes Davis as saying that the purpose of his writing his memoirs was to "keep the memory of our heroes green. Yet they belong not to us alone; they belong to the whole country; they belong to America." As Hatfield concludes: "So it is with Davis himself, and in these days when expedience is more ardently practiced than conviction defended, it is even more important that we keep green the memory of a man so devoted to principle."

Let us pray that hundreds of Americans who "remember" will throw themselves into the effort to repair and preserve this place which honors the memory of a great man.

Confederate STEEL

By Wayne R. Austerman

Outside of Birmingham, one doesn't associate the South with steel. But many a poor Yankee found out the hard way just what steel meant to the Men of Gray.

As Robert E. Lee rode toward Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865, he was clad in his best uniform and sash. At his side hung the lethally elegant length of a sword sheathed in a handsome leather and gilt scabbard. Its richly blued blade bore an inscription in French: *Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.* "Help yourself and God will help you." It was a sentiment that had helped both Lee and his soldiers sustain themselves throughout the four years of grim struggle that lay behind them. They had good cause to remember the phrase as they faced the bleak prospect of life as a defeated nation. Decades later a staunchly unreconstructed Confederate poet and priest, Father Abram Ryan, would cast a tribute in verse to the great Southern paladin and the blade he bore, entitling it, "The Sword of Robert E. Lee."

It was fitting that Southerners honored both the man and his steel, for they were a staunchly individualistic people, and no weapon more readily evoked images of the chivalric warrior than the knightly blade. No man who had followed the guidons of Stuart, Hampton or Forrest ever forgot the fierce thrill and terrible beauty of seeing massed sabres flashing in the sun above the gray ranks.

In the War which saw the introduction of the repeating rifle, machine gun and submarine, the Southern soldier continued to use the sword out of both proud choice and dire necessity.

Facing a critical shortage of modern firearms, many early Southern volunteers were forced to content themselves with flintlock relics of the War of 1812, while thousands of others joined the ranks with their own hunting rifles in hand.

Though the Southerners appreciated firearms and coveted weapons like the Colt revolver and Sharps rifle, the gray horsemen felt no handicap by having to rely so heavily on the sabre during the war's early stages. The devastating charges staged by the U. S. Dragoons during the Mexican War were still keen in their memories, and many had heard the story of Peter Francisco, who served in Colonel William Washington's dragoons during the War for Independence. Francisco stood six foot six inches tall in his boots and weighed 260 pounds. He carried a custom-made sword with a blade five feet long. During the battle of Guilford Courthouse, North Carolina, Francisco decapitated eleven British soldiers with his fearsome weapon.

"With one powerful backhand slash he lopped the Hoosier captain's head from his shoulders. The awed troopers quickly retreated before Forrest and his terrible weapon."

With such a tradition behind it, the South understandably produced a number of notable swordsmen. One of the most celebrated, William H. Jackson, won an appointment to West Point from his native Tennessee and was commissioned into the U.S. Regiment of Mounted Riflemen upon graduation in 1856. Posted to New Mexico, he saw action against the Apaches and Comanches, but it was a duel with a four-footed opponent that made Jackson a legendary figure in his regiment. On a scout from Fort Union the red-haired subaltern's patrol was challenged by a grizzly bear, who barred the trail and growled a warning at the soldiers. Jackson spurred his nervous mount forward and drew his sabre. "At his approach, the grizzly, nothing loath, rose on his hind legs ready for a fight," wrote a soldier, "and Jackson cleft his skull with his sword."

At about the same time Jackson faced the bruin, another young Southerner was bloodying his steel several hundred miles away. Lieutenant John Bell Hood of the Second U.S. Cavalry and his patrol were trapped in a Comanche ambush on the Devil's River in western Texas. The troopers emptied their revolvers into the screaming braves and then cut their way free with their sabres. Hood became an infantry commander for the South, winning praise for his courage, but led the Army of Tennessee to disaster at Franklin and Nashville.

Other prominent Confederate generals became known as skilled swordsmen during the war. Major General Wade Hampton of South Carolina was a giant cavalryman, standing six feet tall and weighing over 200 pounds. His massive frame could put a lot of power behind a blade. Hampton's zest for personal combat led to the dispatch of at least nine opponents with a revolver and two others with the double-edged sweep of his thirty-eight inch sabre.

Nathan Bedford Forrest was credited with killing or wounding thirty personal opponents with his sabre and pistols. His lithe form bore the scars of four wounds by war's end, and twenty-nine mounts had died beneath him in battle. During his raid on enemy-held Memphis, Tennessee in the summer of 1864, Forrest met Colonel Matthew H. Starr of the 6th Illinois Cavalry in single combat with sabres. The demoralized bluecoats fled when Forrest spilled their commander from the saddle with a lightning thrust. On another occasion, Forrest and a single orderly were surrounded by a Yankee officer and six Indiana cavalrymen, who demanded his surrender. Forrest snarled a curse and slid his sabre from its sheath. With one powerful backhand slash he lopped the Hoosier captain's head from his shoulders. The awed troopers quickly retreated before Forrest and his terrible weapon.

Other historic swordsmen of the South were not so well known. One anonymous Confederate cavalry officer came very close to changing the course of history in his fight with a Union subaltern. Several months before, the Yankee had killed another Southerner and claimed as booty his long, straight-bladed Toledo steel sabre. In the subsequent skirmish near Aldie, Virginia the bluecoat slew one gray trooper with the sabre and then faced his companion in a desperate encounter. The officer wheeled his mount and charged the Federal with sabre poised. He repeatedly tried to beat down the Northerner's guard with slashing blows. The Union officer suddenly checked his horse, and split the Confederate's skull as he sped past. Thus George Armstrong Custer survived by his use of Southern steel and lived to lead the 7th Cavalry to its doom at the Little Bighorn a dozen years later.

While there were numerous individual admirers of the cold steel among the Confederate officer corps, there was a continuing debate among the senior leaders over whether sabres or firearms should be the dominant cavalry weapons. Brigadier General William E. "Grumble" Jones insisted that his brigade sharpen their sabres every Saturday, and issued grindstones for that purpose. Jones' camp could be seen from a far distance on a Sabbath eve as the sparks danced above the stones at the end of each company street. It was typical of the Confederates that when they chose to make serious use of their sabres they kept the edges honed to a fine stroke. Arms historian Ashley Halsey, Jr. owned several hundred Union and Confederate sabres in the course of his collecting career, and found that he had "never seen keener weapons than those of the Confederates. Some in his collection reveal traces of having been sharpened and resharpened many times—perhaps every Saturday. Federal sabres, by comparison, he found almost uniformly dull." Their blunt edges may have stemmed from a belief common in many regiments that the Southerners habitually executed any prisoner found to have been carrying a sharpened sabre.

Some commanders felt that the pistol and carbine were far superior to the old *arme blanche*. Jeb Stuart, Lee's colorful chief of cavalry, issued an order in October, 1862 that stated: "In all engagements mounted, the main dependence is placed in the pistol, the fire being reserved for close quarters. The sabre is held as a *dernier ressort* for the melee when the fire is exhausted."

Stuart found cause to modify his position and place more reliance on the sabre within a year. Firearms were excellent weapons for use in skirmishing or outpost duty, but when massed bodies of cavalry clashed in the open the lethal trinity of man, horse and blade still had much to recommend it. On June 9, 1863, Stuart's brigades fought those of Brigadier General Alfred Pleasanton on Fleetwood Hill and in the fields around Brandy Station,

Virginia. Eight hundred and sixty-six Union soldiers were killed, wounded or captured that day. As the squadrons met in close combat among the roiling dust clouds it became impossible to make efficient use of their pistols and carbines. "The clang of the sabre, now become the pre-eminent weapon as the horsemen fought face to face, rang ever louder," wrote a modern student of the action. "Most of the dead, strewn over Fleetwood after the battle, were found to have perished by the sword."

Forrest, though a great swordsman, doubted the utility of sabres in action. In spite of this, the 2nd Missouri Cavalry retained its sabres when it came under Forrest's command in the summer of 1862. Colonel Robert McCulloch saw to it that his men were well drilled in the use of their weapons. In mid-July the Confederates raided into western Tennessee and clashed with a large enemy cavalry force. The 2nd Missouri met the 2nd Illinois in a sabre charge and steel rang on steel for nearly an hour as the bluecoats were driven back, rallied, and then charged again. "Colonel McCulloch waved his sabre and cheered the men on," recalled Trooper C.Y. Ford, "and in we went with the rebel yell, cutting and slashing as we again drove them from the field, leaving their commander's body on the field." That afternoon the doubting Forrest saw exactly what Southern boys could do with sabres when their blood was hot with battle.

Despite such actions as that fought by the 2nd Missouri, Confederate horse soldiers in the west continued to favor firearms in preference to sabres. In January, 1865, Colonel C.C. Jones inspected Major General Joseph Wheeler's cavalry, and complained that "it is a matter of regret that the use of the sabre has been so much overlooked; its moral influence is great...the *fannade*; the glitter of the keen blades in the air in the event of a charge, produce in themselves a most terrifying effect...at least one regiment in each brigade should be armed with pistols and sabres. This might be held in reserve, under ordinary circumstances, as the charging regiment; as at present constituted, this command is virtually little else than mounted infantry."

The cavalry were not the only Southern soldiers to put their trust in forged steel. Edged weapons saw a surprisingly great deal of use among the infantry as well. Virtually every Southern recruit of 1861 carried a Bowie knife or wicked-looking "Arkansas toothpick" on his hip as he joined the colors. Troopers of the 3rd Texas Cavalry lacked sabres, but each carried a knife "heavy enough to cleave the skull of a mailed knight helmet and all." An infantry regiment from Kentucky allegedly went into battle carrying but one round of ammunition for each man. After the first volley was fired, the men planned to storm forward and gut the enemy with their knives. The Tyler Rifles of New Orleans also employed similar tactics with unknown results, while such units as Company C, 1st Georgia Infantry proudly styled themselves as the "Bowie-knife Boys." Such attitudes may seem foolhardy today, but in 1861 Southerners could still vividly recall the story of how Colonel Jefferson Davis' Mississippi Rifles had routed a Mexican lancer regiment in 1847 by firing one volley and then charging with drawn Bowies. If nothing else, the knives had a certain psychological effect on the Northerners.

The most ubiquitous edged weapon was the infantryman's bayonet. Some authorities disparage the role of the bayonet as a weapon, asserting that Union medical records indicated that all edged weapons combined accounted for less than 3 percent of the total casualaties documented. During the bloody Virginia campaign of May-June, 1864, Union surgeons recorded only thirty-seven bayonet wounds out of roughly 36,000 total treated. Of course these figures represented only those bluecoats who were wounded and survived to receive medical treatment. How many others lay stiffening in the tangled thickets of the wilderness with their vitals pierced by Confederate bayonets? When men meet in close-quarter combat there is rarely any mercy shown or expected on either side. Certainly none of the Yankees who saw the sun glinting off the points of Pickett's bayonets at Gettysburg regarded them as ceremonial pieces. Johnny Reb knew how to use the bayonet and musket butt with grim impartiality, but there were always exceptions to the rule. One Confederate regiment faced the invaders near the War's end while armed with Enfield rifles and naval cutlasses with two and a half-foot blades.

The sabres and bayonets that Johnny Reb carried to war in 1861 may seem like quaint anachronisms now, or fitting symbols of a society doomed by its own lack of industrial capacity, but the last thing many a Union trooper heard was the keening of the wind along the whetted edge of Bedford Forrest's blade. Such weapons were potent symbols of Southern courage and resolve. It was these weapons and the men who bore them that led General William T. Sherman to lament: "No amount of poverty or adversity seems to shake these Rebels' faith.... Their wealth and luxury is gone, their money is worthless, starvation is within view, and their causes enough to make the bravest tremble—yet I see no sign of let-up in their spirit. They are tired of war, but they are determined to fight it out."

Sherman had paid for his knowledge of Southern psychology in a bitter coin. Each time the steel slid from its scabbard with a silken rasp men were reminded of Stonewall Jackson's admonition to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute: "The time may come, when your state will need your services, and if that time comes, draw your swords and throw away your scabbards."☆

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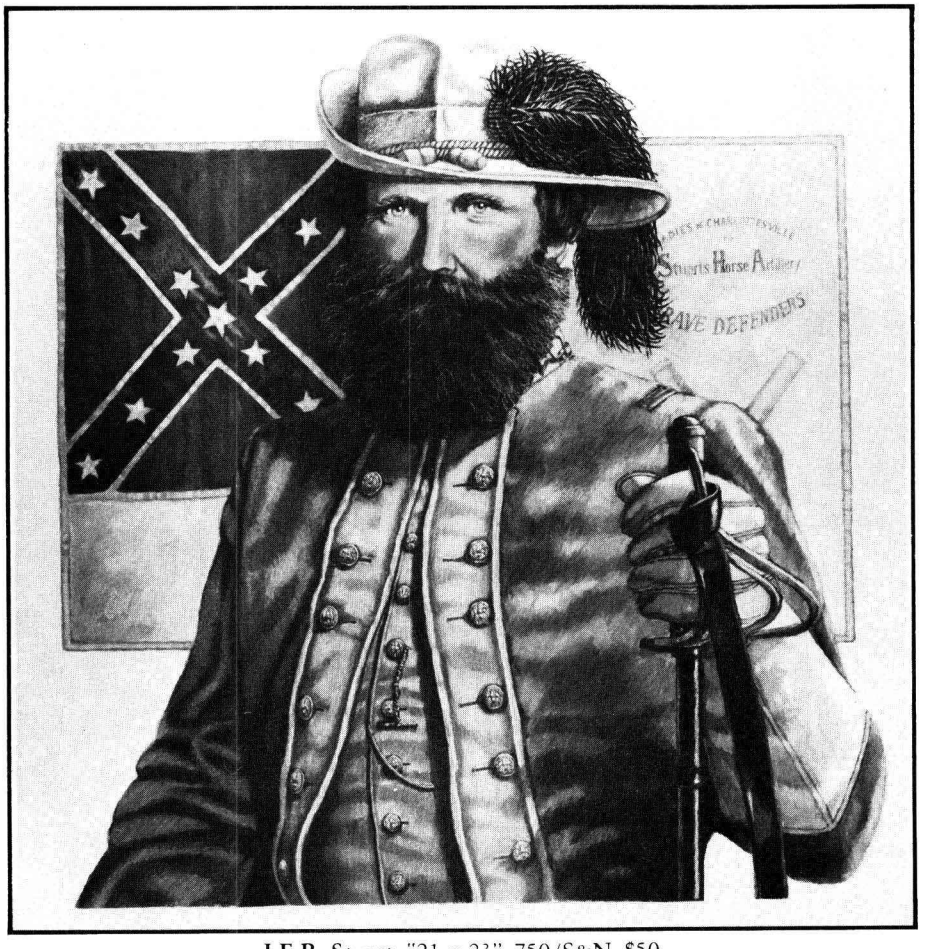

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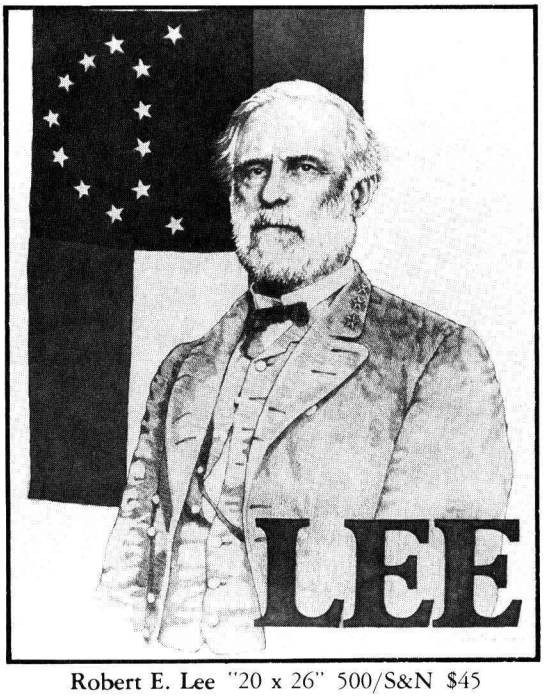

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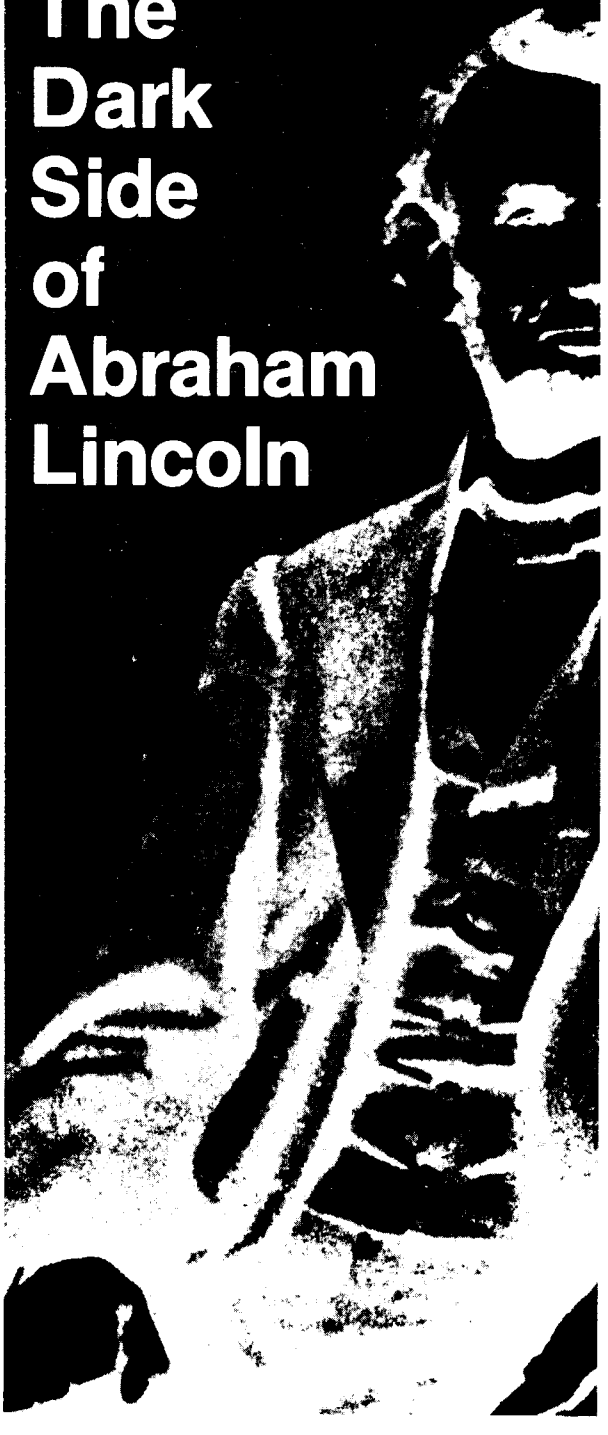
Everytime an unflattering remark about Abraham Lincoln appears on these pages, we get letters from the Railsplitter's Fan Club, taking us to task. Because this matter, our interpretation of Lincoln, has triggered so much mail, Associate Editor Tom Landess (speaking for the majority) contributes this essay describing...

The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln



By way of prologue, let me say that all of us like the Lincoln whose face appears on the penny. He is the Lincoln of myth: kindly, humble, a man of sorrows who believes in malice toward none and charity toward all, who simply wants to preserve the Union so that we can all live together as one people. The Lincoln on the penny, had he lived, would have spared the South the ravages of Reconstruction and ushered in the Era of Good Feeling in 1865. The fact that this mythic Lincoln was killed is surely the ultimate tragedy in a tragic era. Indeed the most that any Southerner could say in behalf of the slayer of that Lincoln was what Sheldon Vanauken reported hearing from an old-fashioned Virginian: "Young Booth, sah, acting out of the best of motives, made a tragic blunder."

But the Lincoln on the penny, the mythic Lincoln, did not exist. Instead a very real man, a political absolutist with enormous human weaknesses, for a time held the destiny of the nation in his oversized palm. So why do we dislike *this* Lincoln so much? There are many reasons, and here, just for starters, are three good ones:

I. Lincoln was the inventor of a new concept of "Union," one that implied a strong centralized government and an "imperial presidency," a Union that now dominates virtually every important aspect of our corporate life as Americans.

This Union did not come about accidentally. Lincoln created it out of his own imagination and then invented a rhetoric to justify it, a grammar that has been used ever since that time. You must realize that before the War Between the States, virtually all Americans believed that the nation was a loosely connected alliance of political states, each with a sovereign will of its own and a right to resist the power of central government, which, since the beginning of the Republic, was regarded as the ultimate enemy.

"Keep it small, keep it diversified" was the view of federal authority held by the Founding Fathers; but Lincoln believed—and said in the Gettysburg Address—that the Founding Fathers were wrong, that they had imperfectly conceived the nation at the outset and that he—Abraham Lincoln—had a responsibility to refound it, to bring about a "new birth." What he meant by this "new birth" was the emergence of a strong, centralized government which had the will and the power to impose a certain conformity on its membership.

If you want to know where the idea of Big Government came from in this country, it came from Lincoln.

In addition to a strong central government, the Founding Fathers also feared a chief executive who exercised absolute power. The tyrant was the ultimate villain in an increasingly diversified political order, and we must remember that, as a matter of strategy, the Declaration of Independence denounced the sins of George III rather than those of his duly elected Parliament despite the fact

that the poor king was considerably less responsible than the people's representatives. Indeed, it was only later, in 1861, that Abraham Lincoln finally became the imperial ruler that Thomas Jefferson denounced in the body of the Declaration.

It is also important to recall that the Constitution in Article One invests Congress with the authority "To lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts, and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defense..."; "To declare War, grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal, and make Rules concerning Capture on Land and Water"; *To raise and support Armies, but no Appropriation of Money to that Use shall be for a longer Term than two Years; To provide and maintain a Navy; To provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, surpress Insurrections and repel Invasions; To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the Militia, and for governing such Part of them as may be employed in the Service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively, the Appointment of the Officers, and the Authority of training the Militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress*; etc.

All these responsibilies are conveyed to Congress in Section. 8., with a catch-all clause enabling legislators to pass laws implementing "the foregoing Powers." Then in Section. 9. certain prohibitions are outlined which clearly qualify the powers of Congress. These include a prohibition against the suspension of *habeas corpus*, except in "cases of Rebellion or Invasion" and against withdrawal of funds from the treasury except "in Consequence of Appropriations made by Law." These qualifications, included in that portion of the Constitution dealing with Congress, are careful limitations imposed on the most powerful of the three branches by a cautious band of Framers. In effect they told Congress not only what they and only they could do, but they also said what they (and by implication everyone else) could *not* do. The caution which they here exercised becomes downright fastidiousness when they get to Article II, which specifies the duties of the President. He is, to be sure, defined as "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the Militia of the several States," but *only after Congress has called them up, as permitted in Article I*. After this quasi-military role, the President has precious little left to his disposal. He can require reports from members of the Executive Branch, he can grant pardons, he can make treaties which are valid only if two-thirds of the Senate agree, and he can make various appointments, again with the "Advice and Consent of the Senate."

And that's really about it. One reading of the Constitution reveals the degree to which the Framers wished to restrict the powers of the presidency to a ceremonial minimum. Yet Abraham Lincoln, in his attempts to refound the Republic, completely transformed the nature of his office, appropriating to it not only powers specifically and exclusively granted to Congress but also some powers forbidden to any branch of the federal government.

First, he called up state militias on his own authority, despite the fact that no one had fired a shot or indeed intended to. To cloak these actions, he warned of an impending invasion that the South had no intention of launching and summarily began the War, despite the fact that Congress had no immediate intention of exercising its exclusive authority in this area. Lincoln also authorized recruitment of troops and the expenditure of millions of dollars—all power specifically delegated to Congress.

In order to take such action with impunity he had to silence those voices who spoke in favor of the Constitution; so he suspended the right of *habeas corpus* and imprisoned hordes of his political enemies—according to several authorities *almost 40,000 people.* These political prisoners were not charged. They were not tried. They were simply incarcerated and held *incommunicado*. In some instances their closest family members did not know if they were alive or dead until the end of the War.

Among these, incidentally, were a number of newspaper editors, particularly those from such states as Kentucky and Maryland, where Southern sentiment ran high. In addition to the imprisonment of these outspoken critics, their presses were wrecked and their places of business destroyed. All in all, over 300 newspapers and journals were shut down by executive order. In an age when casual criticism of the press by the White House is often regarded as a threat to the First Amendment, it is odd that Lincoln still receives such ritual respect. No president in history held freedom of speech or freedom of the press in greater contempt.

In addition to these more obvious violations of Constitutional rights and prohibitions, Lincoln also created a state (West Virginia), imported foreign mercenaries to fight against people he still insisted were Americans, confiscated private property without due process, printed paper money, and even dispersed assembled legislatures like some American Cromwell. In all these things he acted as no other president of the United States had ever acted or has acted before.

II. Lincoln's skillful use of egalitarian rhetoric has given Northern and New South historians the argument that the War Between the States was fought solely over the question of slavery rather than over a number of inter-related issues none of which in itself could have led to Secession and War.

In a sense the thing that contemporary Southerners most resent about Lincoln is the use that has been made of him by recent historians who want to find in the Antebellum South and the tragic events of the War a moral exemplum for the religion of equality. To be honest, Lincoln himself did not go nearly so far, though in his debates with Douglas and in the Emancipation Proclamation he clearly took the high moral ground in an effort

to win pragmatic political advantage.

Lincoln himself was not an Abolitionist nor was he particlarly sympathetic with black freedmen. He came from a state whose racist laws discouraged blacks from crossing its borders. If Illinois was opposed to the spread of slavery it was because the state's citizens were opposed to the spread of blacks. This much is a matter of public record. In addition Abraham Lincoln probably objected to the peculiar institution on philosophical grounds, as had Thomas Jefferson.

On the other hand, both Jefferson and Lincoln were white supremacists of sorts, and the latter told ex-slaves in his last year as President that there was no place in America for free blacks, that repatriation in Africa was the only solution to the dilemma which emancipation would soon pose for both races.

Also (as noted in an earlier issue of the *Partisan*), the Emancipation Proclamation was not, as most contemporary Americans now believe, a document which abolished slavery with the stroke of a pen. It did not, as a matter of policy, abolish slavery *at all* in those places under Lincoln's rule—whether in the five Union states which still permitted the institution or in Southern territory held by Union forces. It abolished slavery only in Confederate territory, and the Proclamation, by its own terms, did not go into effect if the Southern states chose to return to the fold before the effective date.

Of course Lincoln knew that the seceding states would not respond to such a proposal; but by issuing the Proclamation after the Battle of Antietam he was able to send a message to Southern slaves who might be willing to rise against households without males to defend them. Then, too, Lincoln was able thereafter to say that the North was fighting to abolish slavery, a goal he had specifically disavowed well into the first year of the War.

Now, of course, historians of a certain stripe are able to say that this was the true cause of the North from the beginning, forgetting the myriad considerations that preoccupied nineteenth century Americans, including tariffs, the rise of a rapacious industrial economy, and the political principles of the day, which included a devotion to state more than nation and a fierce commitment to the ideal of self-determination.

Too many modern commentators want to ignore everything in this case but the moral imperative of the Abolitionist, content for this one time in history to say that principles were more important than economics. Thus are Southerners forever branded as oppressors, while Union slaves are swept under the convenient rug of historical oblivion.

Because Lincoln was a formidable rhetorician (the greatest of his age) and because it is a twentieth-century failing that we believe the past is inferior to the present, the statute of limitations will never run out on our

A definitive review of Gore Vidal's ***Lincoln*** (Random House, $19.95, 1984)

With the Lion and the Eagle

By M. E. Bradford

Throughout his long and stormy career Gore Vidal has enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for irreverence. He has held in contempt and treated as mere hypocrisy most of the values officially embraced by the majority of his countrymen. He has preferred Aaron Burr to Hamilton or Jefferson and Julian the Apostate to the Christians. It is therefore more than a little surprising when we observe that Vidal has now accepted at face value the Lincoln legend of the benign political alchemist and has honored the Emancipator with an essentially favorable treatment of his Presidency. That is, surprising until we remember that the mythology surrounding Father Abraham has been *the* public faith of our times, replacing in the terrestrial sphere what religion once promised in another life—and until we notice what version of the Lincoln myth Vidal has adopted as his own.

Vidal's Lincoln is the fulfilled promise of the youthful lawyer who, in the 1838 "Address Before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois," prophesied his own career in speaking of the difference between the amibitions of ordinary men (who wish only a "gubernatorial or presidential chair") and the dreams of distinction which drive forward those who belong to "the family of lion, or the tribe of eagle." His Lincoln has as counterparts not only Caesar and Alexander but also Otto von Bismarck and Oliver Cromwell—men of the "godly, thorough reformation," who bring their people to unity through application of force. Each of these "reformers" transformed a commonwealth under his authority into what Vidal's John Hay describes as a "single, centralized nation." Moreover, what is true of the rest of these figures of "towering genius" is true also of Lincoln—that in their public lives they acted from the beginning out of conscious purpose, intending to "make all things new" even as they represented themselves as the slaves of circumstance.

Though inclined to underplay the influence of radical Republicans on the life and political atmosphere of the city, Vidal's book contains

"crimes." Fifty years after Massachusetts abolished slavery it was shaking an accusatory finger at Mississippi and Alabama. Fifty years after slavery had been abolished in these Southern states, Mississippians and Alabamians were still being called to account by the high-caste Brahmins of Boston. And now that 120 years have passed, it is the politically prosperous grandsons of Irish immigrants who make the charges, descendants of the same brutal people who murdered literally hundreds of blacks in the draft riots of 1864.

It is Abraham Lincoln who invented this rhetoric; and we must either expose it for what it is or else continue to suffer the kind of abuse that manifests itself not only in anti-Southern cliches and stereotypes, but also in political exploitation and in such discriminatory legislation as the Voting Rights Acts of 1965 and gratuitous renewal in 1984. Those laws are bad not so much because of their severe provisions but because they assume that the integrated South deserves punitive treatment while the still-segregated North does not. And for that kind of moral abuse we can thank Abraham Lincoln.

III. Lincoln was responsible for the War Between the States, a conflict in which more than 600,000 Americans were killed for no good purpose.

The truth of this statement should be obvious to a contemporary society preoccupied with the idea of peaceful coexistence and obsessed with a word like "negotiation." The current President of the United States is routinely criticized for taking no steps during his first term to meet with his counterpart in the Soviet Union. We are told that military confrontation is wicked, that disputes between conflicting political states should be solved through diplomatic means, that Concession is the child of Wisdom.

In 1861 Jefferson Davis made it quite clear in his resignation from the Senate and again in his inaugural address that all the Confederate States wanted was to be allowed to leave in peace. He stated this point explicitly and after so doing he took no action that would have indicated otherwise to the Union or to its president. No troops were called up. No extraordinary military appropriations requested. No belligerent rhetoric from Davis' office or from his Cabinet. The South feared invasion, but never threatened it—not even implicitly.

Why, then, did Lincoln call for 75,000 troops "to defend the Union"? Why did he begin immediate preparations for war? Why did he insist on dispatching troops to Fort Sumter when a majority of his Cabinet advised against such a rash move and when he knew that South Carolina and the Confederacy believed the fortress to be legally and Constitutionally theirs?

While Lincoln's dispatch of troops left South Carolinians no choice but to defend their soil against an invader, Lincoln had a number of options open to him other than

an interesting and otherwise persuasive account of the feel and pattern of what it would have been like to reside in Washington, with a place close to the administrative center of Federal power during the War Between the States. Vidal does not tell about the South, or causes of Secession. He and his Yankee characters are ignorant on the subject—including Lincoln himself. His urban underworld is banal and unimpressive. And though his portraits of Lincoln's secretaries, family, and close associates are convincing, he does not offer to us a Lincoln who directly reveals the mainsprings of his policy. Indeed, he is more confident in his images of Salmon P. Chase, Edwin Stanton, and William Seward than he is in producing the tall man from Illinois. It is enough that he sticks close to the record, organized (with the advice of Professor David Donald) in a particular way, with only an occasional supplemental invention or misinterpretation—as when he has Lincoln to be moved by anxiety for Southerners who, in 1865, may be forced to live among numerous freedmen; or when he adds a moderating explanation to Lincoln's remark about leaving the Negro to the mercy of natural selection. The mystery of Lincoln he leaves to the speculation of others, even though he indicates which views of that puzzle he thinks plausible, and which unlikely, by his assignment of these opinions to particular characters.

But it is nonetheless the protagonist of the novel who holds our interest in Vidal's *Lincoln*—a man who knew that (again in Hay's language) "the Southern states had every Constitutional right to go out of the Union" and still told them no; who dreamt of being swept along in darkness in a frail vessel he cannot control, toward a shore he cannot perceive; who willed (or expected) his own death as an atonement "for having given so bloody and absolute a rebirth to his nation"; and who poured into the empty vessel of his idea of a sacrosanct Union whatever he thought the country needed in the way of goals and purposes suited to "finish the work." Though they profess to honor his name (and at their worst often follow his example), this is not a Lincoln which the radical politicians and our opinion-makers of our time can employ to serve their dark purposes.

It is therefore to be hoped that Vidal's *Lincoln* will be widely read. For it gives us most of the "new Messiah" that we need to know—the man who spoke at Springfield of the proud spirit who will, by any means that are available, win everlasting distinction and replace Washington as our "great man," whether "at the expense emancipating slaves, or enslaving free men." ☆

military action. For example, he might first have brought the whole matter of secession before the Supreme Court, seeking some legal right to Fort Sumter and indeed to the entire Confederacy. But then there is good reason to believe the Court would have ruled that Southerners had every legal justification to leave the Union. Then war would have been illegal and Lincoln's incipient dream of a "refounding" would have gone a'glimmering.

A second choice would have been to refrain from ordering troops to relieve Fort Sumter and instead to have dispatched a diplomatic team to Montgomery, or better yet, gone himself for a "summit" with Davis. Given Lincoln's prowess in debate, his love of discourse, his persistent appeals to "reason," such a course of action would have seemed not only prudent but in keeping with the new president's character—decidedly Lincolnian.

Yet apparently such an idea never occurred to the man who had been so eager as a young man to engage in amateur forensics and still later to meet Stephen Douglas in public debate. Historians can give credible reasons why Lincoln did not take his case to the High Court, but their voices trail off in weak apology when they take up the question of diplomatic negotiations. It all boils down to the supposition that, for his own reasons, Abraham Lincoln felt the situation was beyond the hope of dialogue—though no one can say exactly why he believed such a proposition.

Lincoln's third choice—the most likely of all—was simply to do nothing, to wait until the South made some overt move and then to react accordingly. For the sake of more than 600,000 killed on the field of battle, one wishes that he had been just a little more circumspect, a little less sure of his own ability to read the minds of his opponents. Wait a month and see. Then another month. Then another. Surely the South would not have marched against the Union. Few believe that Davis would take such a drastic step. And all those young men would have grown old and wise—perhaps so wise that they would have found a way to reconcile their differences and to re-establish a Union they were born under. But, as I've already said, Lincoln did not approve of that Union. He wanted to found a new one. And the only way to accomplish such an end was to risk war.

Perhaps it never occurred to him that 600,000 men would die. Perhaps he was certain that the conflict would be brief and benign, a skirmish or two on the outskirts of Washington, over in the twinkling of an eye, with a few Union dead, a few Confederate dead, and everyone embracing after the show. But if that is what he believed, such an opinion constituted an inordinate pride in his own prescience, one that we can only forgive by a supreme act of charity (provided, of course, that our forgiveness is solicited).

I will only add that despite his often quoted rhetoric of reconciliation, he instituted a policy of total war—the first in our history—and saw to it that his troops burned homes, destroyed crops, and confiscated property—all to make certain that civilians suffered the cruelest deprivations. He also refused to send needed medical supplies to the South, even when that refusal meant depriving Union soldiers of medicines needed to recover from their wounds. And finally, in the last year of the War, when Davis sent emissaries to negotiate a peace on Lincoln's own terms, he ordered them out of Washington that the War might continue and the Republicans win re-election. As a result, 100,000 more troops were killed, North and South.

Because of Lincoln's policies the cemeteries of the nation were sown with 600,000 premature bodies, long turned to dust now, but in their time just as open to the promise of life as any young draft dodger of the 1960s. That they fought one another, willing to risk all for their countries, is something that Lincoln counted on. Indeed you might say he staked his political future on *their* sacred honor, and in so doing impressed his face forever on the American penny.

Sober, reflective, a little sad as you hold him in your upturned palm, he looks perpetually rightward, gazing out of the round perimeter of his copper world at an extra dimension of existence—a visionary even now. And he is as ubiquitous as the common house fly. If you toss him in a fountain or down a well he turns up in your pocket again, after the filling station attendant has added on the federal tax and taken your twenty-dollar bill.

He can purchase nothing now, because his own grandiose dreams of Union have finally rendered him impotent. Once five of him would buy a candy bar or a coke. Now it would take a couple of squads. Tomorrow a regiment. Yet in a way he is indispensable to us as a reminder that in the ruthless expansion of government our lives are diminished with each new acquisition of power, with each digit of inflation, however small; and that such a diminution is infinite; that today, 120 years after his death, there is no conceivable end to the enormity of government and the consequent paucity of our individual lives.

And this is why we don't like Abraham Lincoln. ☆

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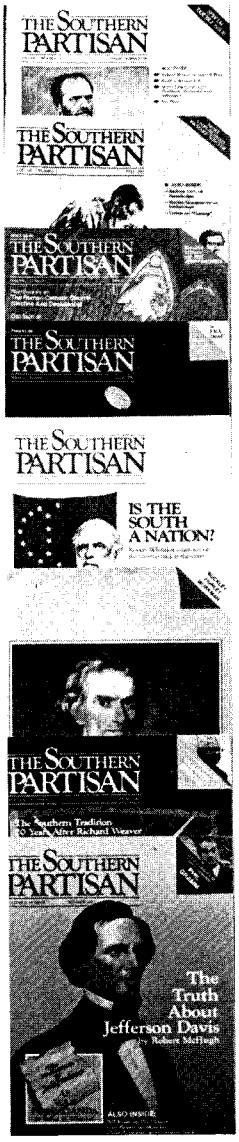

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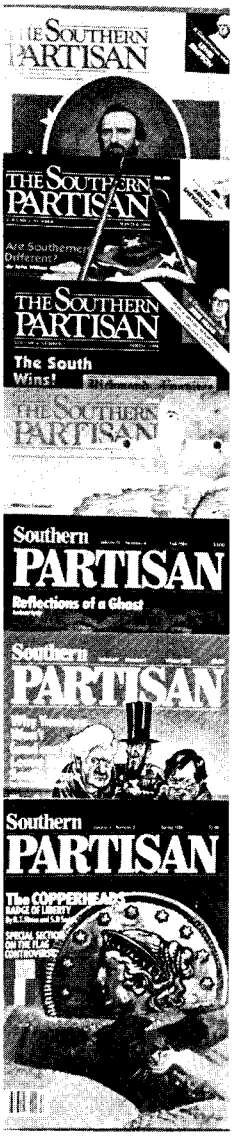

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Thirty years ago, the idea of a conservative presidential administration was little more than a twinkle in Russell Kirk's eye, when he wrote a book called The Conservative Mind *(1953). Now we have Ronald Reagan, widely regarded as the first conservative president in modern American history. But is this so?*

Last year, Russell Kirk reviewed President Reagan's first administration in a major paper prepared for the Heritage Foundation. He finds that conservatives in power have yet to wake the political imagination needed to renew "the expectations of American greatness expressed by the framers of the Constitution." That renewal, Kirk tells us, will require "a disposition to preserve and an ability to reform."

Is such a renewal possible now? In these observations, taken from his Heritage lecture, Russell Kirk asks...

Can We Wake Political Imagination?

By Russell Kirk

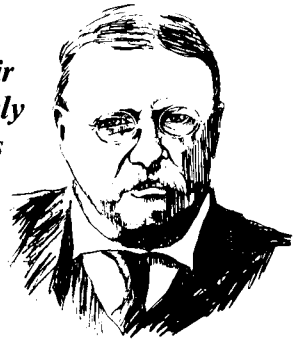
I. On Diplomatic and Military Policy

Communism, like Jacobinism nearly two centuries ago, is what Burke called "an armed doctrine"—that is, a destructive ideology backed by great military force. American foreign policy since the Second World War, much of the time dominated by liberal illusions and throughout that period vitiated by grave miscalculations, has failed to "contain" the communist powers, let alone aid effectively nations subjected to Soviet domination. Not until the past four years, during which the Reagan administration has acted with some audacity in resisting Soviet ambitions, did the United States seem to have any clear notion of how to defend its own national interest. President Johnson's crusade in Vietnam, rash in one aspect and timid in another, is sufficient illustration of one sort of liberal illusion; the hysterical cry for a "nuclear freeze" that cannot come to pass exemplifies the opposite extreme to which many liberals shift.

Our first necessity in resisting this armed doctrine, I believe, is to revive the sort of diplomatic imagination possessed by such British conservative statesmen as Disraeli and Salisbury, or by such American conservative statesmen as John Adams and Theodore Roosevelt. I do not mean that we can emulate their precise policies: our circumstances today are different. But their understanding of the national interest in the affairs of great states, and their imaginative employment of the resources at their command, are what we require today. Also we would do well to recollect some of their aphorisms, particularly Theodore Roosevelt's admonition, "Never first shake your fist, and then shake your finger."

The primary object of foreign policy has been the protection and advancement of the national interest—in general, a sound principle. Yet in a time of fanatic ideology aimed at world domination—today, as in the age of the French Revolution—the national interest inescapably is bound up with the interest of other states that oppose the armed doctrine. We must all hang together,

We would do well to recollect some of their aphorisms, particularly Theodore Roosevelt's admonition, "Never first shake your fist, and then shake your finger."



or we will all hang separately, in Franklin's phrase. What we can do on behalf of other lands must depend upon prudence, circumstances, and our resources. The United States cannot well be the world's policeman. Yet imaginative employment of our strength, actual or potential can suffice to prevent the enlarging of the domains of the squalid oligarchs of Marxism and to encourage the recovery of a tolerable social order in much of the world.

I do not mean that we should, or could, fight ideology with counter-ideology. A "democratic ideology" or a "capitalist ideology" would be a feeble thing at best, unconvincing; for we Americans are not political fanatics, and ideology by definition is political fanaticism and delusion, a mask for particular interests. It would be absurd to fancy that somehow we might impose such a manufactured ideology upon China, Egypt, or India. Nor will it do to wander over the globe shaking a finger, or perhaps a fist, at Latin America, South Africa, or Indonesia because such states do not conform perfectly in all particulars to some North American ideal of "human rights." We have enough enemies as it is. All that we can hope for is that the success of the American Republic, politically and economically, may bring about some emulation of American principles of justice; and that Amer-

ican strength may dishearten totalists of more than one sort. It was unimaginative to fancy that an American paradise of civil rights could be fixed upon embattled Vietnam, or that American money and technology could westernize Iran.

The primary object of government is to keep the peace. How is the peace kept, in international affairs or in domestic? By strength. The underminers of peace are the advocates of diplomatic timidity and military feebleness. It was so with the socialists and others who refused to prepare for possible defense against Hitler, so bringing on Hitler's victories; it is so with the "nuclear freeze" enthusiasts, remarkably unimaginative. Here I turn to a passage from Glenn Tinder's book of twenty years ago (*The Crisis of Political Imagination*, 1964), a passage which might have been written yesterday:

> *Much of our political thought and planning rests on the largely uncontested, but absurd, assumption that we cannot begin to live seriously until we have assured ourselves that the effort will not be interrupted,* Tinder writes...*This kind of distraction is especially self-righteous and aggressive in the so-called "peace movement." The animus of this movement is an absorbing fear of nuclear conflict; its propaganda seems to be directed primarily to spreading this fear throughout the populace. It is not seriously asked what peace is for; it is assumed that peace must be assured before the age-old charge of using it well is taken in hand.... It is a gross historical delusion to think that the uniqueness of our situation lies in our collective physical danger.... The question suspended over our history is not that simply of survival; it is that of the survival of societies which are cultivated and creative.*

Just so: who would enjoy the peace of Poland or of Bulgaria? Yet it does not follow that because strength keeps the peace, preparations for military defense must be obsessive and ruinously costly. Imaginative selectivity is required for adequate defense.

In this, the Reagan Administration has been wisely innovative. For it seems to me that the administration's program of strategic defense—particularly the nascent shield against nuclear missiles, unhappily labelled the Star Wars program—is our salvation from the theory of "mutually assured destruction." The Strategic Defense Initiative is such a potential deterrent of a major war as ought to be the answer to the prayers of the "peace movement"; yet those zealots protest that they would prefer to stand naked to the foe. Imagination will tell in the long run, even among the military; as Napoleon, master of the big battalions, put it, imagination rules mankind.

Here is another remark about political imagination in diplomatic and military concerns: beware what my friend Colonel Laurence Beilenson calls "the treaty trap." It is tempting to embrace the comforting delusion that the grim men in the Kremlin also desire peace and business as usual. That fallacy is bound up with the liberals' notion that practically everybody is good at heart, requiring only to be persuaded of our own good intentions. This too is a failure of imagination.

What an ideologue desires is not peace and prosperity, but domination over minds and bodies. All that can restrain such devotees of power is countervailing power; treaties are but their instruments of expedience or deception, to be observed only so long as other parties to such treaties are able to obtain enforcement. The decayed liberal imagination refuses to recognize that hard fact. Ignore a fact, and that fact will be your master.

With respect to diplomatic imagination, a few words about UNESCO and the United Nations. Withdrawal from UNESCO is accomplished; had there been better imagination in the State Department ten years ago, or twenty years ago, that step would have been taken earlier,

sparing us much folly. Withdrawal is to the good; but an imaginative international policy founded upon the national interest sooner or later must go further. The United Nations organization has become a nuisance and a curse; it is impossible to reform. A comity of nations opposed to communism and Soviet imperialism, nevertheless, is much to be desired—something more than a military alliance. Imaginative statesmen might persuade their countries to abandon the UN altogether—after which that body would crumble to its dissolution—and establish instead a loose league of states determined to resist Soviet ambition. As China is shifting nowadays, such a league might include that power. Is this a radical proposal? Only if we confound conservatism with unthinking adherence to everything that exists at the moment.

II. On An American Proletariat

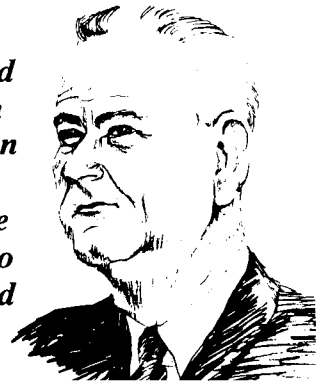
I am surprised to encounter, in one book or another, statements that no American proletariat has come into being. Why, we see a proletariat, a genuine proletariat, in every American city; with the best of intentions, doubtless, through public policies we have been fostering the increase of such a class.

"Proletariat" is an ugly word for an ugly thing. In the Roman definition, a proletarian is a person who gives to the commonwealth nothing but his progeny—who in turn become proletarians. A proletarian has no regular employment, no property, no stake in society; he fulfills no duties; he takes but does not give; among a proletarian class, criminality alone thrives; a proletariat is dangerous, in many ways, to a nation. The fierce urban riots during the Johnson Administration were not racial disturbances, but proletarian risings for pillage—provoked, in large part, as Governor Romney of Michigan said at the time, by so-called urban renewal and federal highway building, which had destroyed the settled neighborhoods of the poor.

Although most proletarians are poor, it does not follow that all the poor are proletarians. So much of the talk about the sufferings of the poor tend to misrepresent the problem of the proletariat. By comparison with the poor of most lands, the American poor are affluent. A large number of poor people, *relatively* speaking, there always must be, unless a society of total equality of condition were established—something never accomplished anywhere, and now abandoned as an ideal even in communist China. "Statists that labour to contrive a Common-wealth, without our poverty," Sir Thomas Browne tells us, "take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecie of Chirst."

It is not possible, even with American resources, to make everyone absolutely affluent through some magic of "transfer payments." What we can try to accomplish is not the establishment of equality of condition, but

What President Johnson accomplished through his "war on poverty" was war on the poor...He converted decent people with low incomes into proletarians sustained by other people's incomes.



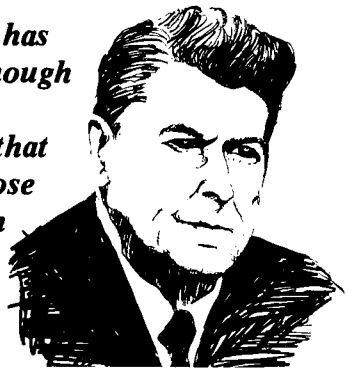
rather the redemption of the proletariat. What President Johnson accomplished through his "war on poverty" was war on the poor—through the grim blunders of urban "renewal," the failure of the huge public-housing projects, and a mindless largesse that brought about social disintegration among people of low incomes—of which Aid to Families with Dependent Children is the most familiar example. He converted decent people with low incomes into proletarians sustained by other people's incomes.

The Congress never has weighed seriously such sweeping proposals for reform of "the welfare mess" as those of Milton Friedman or Daniel Patrick Moynihan. I do not imply that I endorse without reservation either of those plans. But I do remark that the refusal even to discuss such measures is unpleasant evidence of the failure of political imagination among us. The power of the Welfare Lobby has stifled any large-scale reformation—and so has increased the number of the proletariat and made their condition yet worse.

What must be sought is the imaginative redemption of a class of idle and hopeless people; what must be restored is the reality of community and of private and local energies. Such imaginative sociologists as Robert Nisbet and Peter and Brigette Berger suggest forcefully what needs to be undone in our "social welfare" schemes—and what needs to be done. It will be a painful labor, but the task cannot be evaded if we are to escape justifying Macaulay's gloomy prediction to an American scholar, in 1857, that in the fullness of time "your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

The general public, though very well aware of the failure and abuse of existing "social programs," does not yet understand what the Reagan Administration has commenced by way of remedies; while opponents of the Reagan Administration bewail an alleged "lack of compassion"—as if all we required was more of the hair of the dog that bit us. It seems necessary for the Reagan Administration, during the years remaining, to make a succinct and lucid case for its existing programs of reform

President Reagan has been audacious enough to remind the American people that there subsists a close connection between religious belief and the civil social order.



in these fields, and to outline for the public the large measures that must be undertaken—extending over four decades, perhaps, rather than over four years—to restore urban health and diminish the blight of trailer-housed "welfare clients" that sprawls across rural America. Such renewal may benefit from federal guidance, but most of the restoration must be accomplished by private, local, and state agencies. The alternative to such imaginative social policies is the division of the American people into what Disraeli, in 1845, called "two nations," through the dreary enlargement of a proletariat as ominous for the American future as was the Roman proletariat for *Romanitas*.

III. On the Moral Order

President Reagan has been audacious enough to remind the American people that there subsists a close connection between religious belief and the civil social order. He has not been afraid to oppose the shame of mass abortions, the invasion of church concerns by the political hand, the abolition of public prayer. And most of the American people have applauded him.

The President and his advisors, and their allies in the Congress and in the several states, set their faces against what Malcolm Muggeridge calls the Great Liberal Death Wish. "It seems to me that this process of death-wishing, in the guise of liberalism, has been eroding the civilization of the West for a century and more, and is now about to reach its apogee," Muggeridge writes. "...In the moral vacuum left by...emptying Christianity of its spiritual or transcendental content, the great liberal death wish has been able to flourish and luxuriate; the more so because it can plausibly masquerade as aiming at its opposite—life enhancement."

The Reagan Administration has not labored under the delusion that the decay of spirit enhances life; but neither has that administration attempted to create a political religion, an ideology. Most prudently, the administration has addressed itself positively, in these concerns, to educational reform, and it has succeeded beyond expectation in rousing the public to the urgent need for improvement of minds and hearts through public instruction.

Tuition tax credits and vouchers, advocated by the administration, are yet to take on flesh. These proposals would do more than could anything else to restore diversity, competition, and freedom of choice in American schooling. Also they would make possible the proliferation of church-related schools, to diminish the influence of a dull but aggressive secularism that oppresses the imagination and the right reason of the rising generation.

The ends of education are wisdom and virtue. The moral imagination it is which lifts men and women above the level of the beasts that perish. To form sound mind and good character: to these objects an educational system should be dedicated, but in most schools, colleges, and universities they have been submerged by sociability and sociological indoctrination. It has been very nearly forgotten that formal education has an ethical end, to be achieved through an intellectual means.

It is not the function of the federal government to direct the public and the independent schools of all the land. Yet the federal government can investigate, suggest models, exhort, and recognize exemplary performance. The rest must be done by the multitude of American schools. To restore a consciousness of moral order, the educational system is the instrument most ready to hand. If the moral imagination should be neglected much longer, the liberal death wish may triumph, despite the repudiation of political liberalism at the polls. If so, in Muggeridge's words, "We press on through the valley of abundance that leads to the wasteland of satiety, passing through the gardens of fantasy; seeking happiness ever more ardently, and finding despair ever more surely."

Can the sort of political imagination possessed by the framers of the Constitution in 1787 be resurrected during the next few years? We have not been schooled in classical learning and in history as those men were. Yet hard necessity sharpens wits, and public decisions must be made that cannot be revoked. Let us cease to boast of our pragmatism; for it is from works of creative imagination that good consequences of a practical character flow, and not from "muddling through" merely.

In this hour, conservatives must be concerned not simply with what may have worked, after a fashion, in recent decades. For many public policies have worked badly, in the long run, and we suffer accordingly. We need to ask ourselves, rather what *will* work in the era that is dawning. And only from the higher imagination may any tolerable answers be derived. ☆

Russell Kirk, dean of conservative thought in America, lives with his family and the ghosts of his ancestors in Michigan.

Pieces Of The Past

By Anthony Harrigan

Folks who try to be thoroughly modern won't admit it, but bits and pieces of the past are always rattling around in our heads. Anthony Harrigan explains that none of us will rest easy until we know the hearts of our ancestors, because the blood of kinship runs forever.

"As it was in the beginning" is a phrase from the Book of Common Prayer that made an impression on me from my earliest years. From the age of about 12 or 13, I wanted to know how things *were*. I wasn't locked into the sensibity of my time. Indeed I suppose someone could say that I am locked into the sensibility of the past. In my mind's eye, I like to see right through the forms and structures of the present to original landscapes, natural and human.

The past is full of fascination for the historian and archaeologist (and I think of myself as something of both). Pamela Cressney, an American archaeologist, has well stated the interest of the seeker after the buried past, saying of a dig in lower Manhattan, "What fascinates me about doing archaeology like this is that it allows you to see the flow of human existence over time in one spot. It never ceases to amaze me. I mean, here we are, standing on the site of a mid-eighteenth century wharf, looking up at a storybook Georgian house, which is across from an old market square and a nineteenth century city hall. A World War I torpedo factory used to stand here, but that's been torn down to make way for a new waterfront development."

"...America is an inheritance, not a theory... America is not a set of documents, it is a people in different times and settings."

My own roots extend only to the late seventeenth century English settlement in Carolina. It is from this historical surface, this uppermost layer, that I have been able to scratch some understanding of the past. It is difficult to develop even a limited understanding, however; difficult to retrieve the past in the midst of the changed modern world. Loren Eisely wrote in *The Inner Galaxy*, the "faces of our ancestors remain forever unknown to us even as they stare down from the illustrations of the poorest and most obscure textbooks....The color of their skins is lost, the texture of their hair unknown, the expression of their once living features is as masked as those of the anonymous cadaver that represents humanity in the pages of medical textbooks." That is correct, of course, for our truly distant ancestors. Those of us who have portraits of our eighteenth or nineteenth century ancestors have a clearer image of the people from whom we are descended and who lived in very different times. I also have inherited strands of hair which belonged to two of my nineteenth century Elliott forebears—hair intended for lockets that were never made.

One begins one's discovery of the past, in this case the American past, where one can, with whatever is at hand. And it is from these bits and pieces of the past that we trace the evolution of our country. Many learned men view our country in terms of the evolution of an idea of ideas. I see America's evolution in terms of lives: America is an inheritance, not a theory. We carry this inheritance about with us. America is not a set of documents, it is people in different times and settings. These places and people have a powerful, albeit often unseen, impact on our lives.

A French scientist has written in this connection that many aspects of our lives are largely beyond our control because they are the consequences of events that occurred in the distant past and of which we are not even conscious. In our families and in the entire human family, we are governed by our genetic heritage. This is not to say that we are wholly the subject of biological determinism, but we are profoundly shaped by our past.

My family's America is not simply the America of the late twentieth century; it is the America family members have known and helped fashion in decades and centuries past.

If I have had only 100 ancestors who were born on this side of the Atlantic, and each lived 50 years, that's 5,000 years of life experience in America—a volume of experience impossible to identify and understand to the fullest. Only here and there am I able to pinpoint this life experience and get a good idea of its flavor and quality.

One such view of the Elliott family of South Carolina, my grandmother's family, is given by Willie Lee Rose in his book *Slavery and Freedom* (Oxford University Press, 1982). He quotes the English journalist William H. Russell on a visit to my great-great-grand uncle William Elliott of Beaufort, South Carolina. Russell describes a fishing party organized for his benefit. He said that a swift boat approached the Elliott landing, "pulled by six powerful Negroes, attired in red flannel jackets and white straw hats with broad ribands. The craft itself lay deep in the water, for there were extra Negroes for fishing, servants, baskets of provisions, water buckets, stone jars of less innocent drinking, and abaft there was a knot of great planters—Elliotts all—cousins, uncles, and brothers."

Another view of the Elliotts at play was provided by my grandmother, May Elliott Hutson. The following is her account of the Beaufort devil fish:

In August 1837, William Elliott, a native of Beaufort and probably the greatest sportsman of his day, had the good fortune to capture and present to a startled sporting world the first devil fish that had ever been caught on an American beach.

From that time, numerous expeditions were sent in pursuit of the prey. Belonging to the genus ray, the sea monster derived its name from the fact that in addition to enormous wings it is equipped with a long spiked tail and a pair of horns. The devil fish is a huge creature, and has been found to measure from fourteen to twenty-three feet from tip to tip of its wings....

All other sport dwindled into insignificance beside the chase of the fish which resembled a giant bat. In those days each planter owned his own boat and trained crew. With the devil fishing season, every boat was made ready for the hazardous chase. It was a sporting community, its members gentlemen of leisure, with the chase in their blood.

From May until August sporting Beaufort always scanned the river for the sight of the fish. When one appeared, the town at once forgot its age and dignity. Ladies thronged the waterfront while masters and men rushed for the boats. Harpoons, lances, bayonets, knives, and fathoms of rope were stowed aboard. With the zest for big game, inherited from their African forbears, the boatmen threw their very souls into their brawny arms, and the craft set out in pursuit of the devil fish. Mr. Elliott always led the chase, taking in his own boat a few of those adventurous spirits who were ready to hazard life and limb for the excitement of the sport.

On rare occasions some boy of the family was slipped aboard the boat among the paraphernalia, and told to keep himself as small as possible and

"Suddenly the tip of a shining black wing quietly appeared on either side of the boat, thus proving that she occupied a perilous position directly above the monster's back."

away from the death-dealing implements.

On one particular occasion, a nephew of Mr. Elliott stole aboard, and when the boat pulled out he sat up on a coil of rope, the happiest youngster in the state. They swept down the river, the main tributary of Port Royal sound, but no alluring wings rewarded their gaze. Disappointed, if not discouraged, they kept on their course—all eyes anxiously scanning the distant water. Suddenly the tip of a shining black wing quietly appeared on either side of the boat, thus proving that she occupied a perilous position directly above the monster's back. It was a fateful moment. But they were lucky, for while the crew stared in helpless consternation, the devil fish sailed from beneath them and disappeared. It was the irony of fate: they had come out to take its life and it had given them theirs.

Had they tried to harpoon it, they would have been inviting death. Before the fish vanished, however, a small boy on a coil of rope had realized the fruition of all his dreams. For leaning far over the rail, he brushed the wing of the passing devil fish with his bare hand.

A few years prior to the war, the career of the devil fish came to a close. In fact, no capture is recorded later than 1846 when Mr. Elliott took part in an exciting chase in which a large school of fish were pursued by himself and his companions, eleven devil fish being counted as they leaped from the water. On that occasion Mr. Elliott had the experience of having his arm seized in the formidable feeder of a fish and temporarily paralyzed. He was saved from death by the utter exhaustion of the wounded fish who had arrived at its last gasp and could not retain its hold.

Since the passing of that great sportsman, no more devil fish have been seen in the sound, gamboling and turning somersaults in the old way.

Life for the Elliotts and other people in those distant days was not simply play, however. Life had its darker aspects, especially in the harsher years of the eighteenth century. For earlier views of the family's life in America, the Elliott-Rowand Bible is a passageway to the past. Consider this entry regarding Henrietta Sommers Rowand, the first born of Charles Elliott and Henrietta Rowand. She was born in the front upstairs room of the family residence on Friend Street—now Legare Street, Charleston, South Carolina, where I lived for many years—on Monday, October 16, 1797. As recorded in the family Bible:

She departed this Life (in the same Room she first drew her Breath) on Monday the 23rd Sept. 1799 about twenty-two minutes after four o'clock in the Afternoon and on Tuesday the 24th Sept. Prayers were read over her in the front Room down Stairs by Mr. Buist after which her Body was conveyed in a Boat to the family Burial Ground at Stono where it was interred among her Ancestors—She fell a Victim to the fever called the Black Vomit which then raged violently in Charleston.

Such was life and death in South Carolina at the end of the eighteenth century. Death was a familiar visitor. My great-great grand uncle, William Elliott, whose fishing party I mentioned, was an exceptionally gifted member. He was the brother of my great-great grandfather, George Parsons Elliott, son of William and Phoebe Elliott, who were married May 23, 1787. William, the first of nine children—my ancestor was the ninth—was born in Beaufort April 27, 1788, and he died February 3, 1863, in Charleston, in the midst of the War of Secession which he strenuously opposed. His childhood was spent in the plantation world around Beaufort, and from 1806 to 1809 he was a student at Harvard, where he was in poor health much of the time. Returning home, he took up the life of a planter and married Anne Hutchinson Smith in 1817. He served in the South Carolina Legislature from 1814 to 1832, as a representative and later as a state senator. He resigned from the Senate, however, because of opposition to nullification and his inability to carry out his constituents' desire that it be supported in the Legislature. Indeed he was one of South Carolina's strongest unionist leaders in this period. He had many good friends in Boston, among them members of the Amory and Sears families who were to assist the Elliott family after the disaster of the War.

However, William Elliott wasn't sympathetic to the Northern point of view. In a pamphlet entitled "The Letter of Agricola" (1852), he declared that slavery was "sanctioned by religion, conducive to good morals, and useful, nay indispensable." He also said that Northern interference was "wicked, unprovoked, and fanatical." Nevertheless, he regarded secession as folly. And he was insistent that the South abandon the one-crop system and begin to industrialize. William Elliott's thinking undoubtedly was shaped to some degree by his time at Harvard and his wide travels. From 1823 to 1859, he spent six months or more every year, traveling to spas and mineral springs. He favored Saratoga Springs in New York, the White Sulphur in Virginia, and Warm Springs in North Carolina. He also traveled to Niagara Falls and toured Canada. In 1853 he toured Paris, Interlaken and Basle in the company of his two daughters, and returned to Europe in 1855 for the Paris Exhibition.

It's astonishing even now, almost a century and a half later, how the life style to which William Elliott and other Southern planters were accustomed disappeared in a flash. The institutional structure with which the Elliotts were connected simply disappeared overnight, leaving scarcely a trace. The curtain of time rang down on William Elliott's world with shocking abruptness, as it did on the world of Czarist Russia a half century later.

The finality of the American War Between the States has impressed diverse observers. Robert Lowell, the mid-twentieth century American poet, during a stay at Sewanee, Tennessee, early in World War II, spoke of the "merciless subjugation" of the South and how the "Southern states three quarters of a century after their terrible battering down and occupation, are still far from having recovered even their material prosperity." This was a remarkable observation from a scion of one of New England's most notable families. (Reference in "Robert Lowell: A Biography" by Ian Hamilton, Random House, 1982).

William Elliott, for all his unionist sentiment and fears of the effects of secession, had no inkling of how the future of his family, friends and world would become utterly desperate. Indeed no one in the Carolina Low-country, to my knowledge, appreciated in the 1850s that theirs was a dying way of life, and that the end of their world would come very soon and in a total crushing manner. The William Elliotts of the South were the first victims of modern total war that was political and economic, cultural as well as military. History, of course, is full of bloody surprises. Americans in the 1930s for all their concern about Japan, never anticipated a surprise attack on American territory. And the Japanese, for their part, never imagined American occupation of their islands or American-decreed diminishment of the status and role of their emperor. These swift, unexpected occurrences in history are harsh reminders that other cruel surprises may be in store for us in the future.

Something of the Elliotts' world survived through family tradition and values passed on to later generations living in very different times. But the world of the Elliotts was an arrested world, as the entire Antebellum South was an arrested civilization. It was not permitted by historical circumstances to reach fruition. History is full of arrested civilizations, arrested nationalism, arrested cultural and political institutions. Often, seemingly trivial developments or actions produce a real stop or total cut-off of a tradition or institution. A slightly different course of development, actions by the Germans or the Allies, would have prevented the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia and permitted the transformation of that ancient autocracy into a constitutional monarchy. Less avarice and ambition on the part of Venice might have kept the Byzantine East alive and free of Muslim domination, as greater political insight and decisiveness on the part of the United States in 1945 would have kept Czechoslovakia within the orbit of democracy. As for the American South, had it not been subjugated in war, American values would have assumed a somewhat different form. The excesses of the Gilded Age might have been fewer. The uglier features of the Yankee, Puritan spirit might have been removed from the national character. Unfortunately an important component in the national spirit, which was evidenced from Washington to Lee, was downgraded in the triumph of Northern democracy.

The United States, with its vast territory and diversity of peoples from many lands and cultures, is a mosaic. Vital pieces were removed from that mosaic as a result of the subordination of the Southern gentry and their way of life. For more than two generations, the decision-makers in American society were hostile to the values that were produced in the world of the Elliotts and indifferent to the survivors and to their descendants who struggled to live and rebuild, as best they could, in a profoundly deprived region.

The nation has moved on toward something very different from what the William Elliotts of the South imagined the future to be. A main line of development, which could be traced in the plantation world of the Antebellum South, was arrested, aborted, call it what you will. Yet bits and pieces of this world are carried about in our heads, in the heads, that is, of descendants of these pioneer families, at least those who are aware of their heritage.

As Flora Lewis has written, the twenty-first century "yawns ahead with uncertainties as impenetrable as the distant past." Actually, my point is that the past isn't impenetrable. We need to work at penetrating the past and uncovering its secrets.

We need to discover anew the pathos of lives in the past and the valor of those who lived long before us, whether in the Antebellum American South or our European homelands 10,000 years ago. As we discover the past and enter into the minds of our forebears, we gain clues to the meaning of life. Most important, in exploring the past we come to a startling recognition of kinship. In the case of Henry Woodward and William Elliott, the kinship, for me, is more than psychological or intellectual; it is rooted in a blood relationship. I know their stories, or something of their stories, but I also seek to know their hearts. There is an ancient human feeling or desire to be united with one's ancestors. William Alexander Percy, in a memorable aside, said simply: "I am with my own people." I also seek that oneness in my delving into the past. ☆

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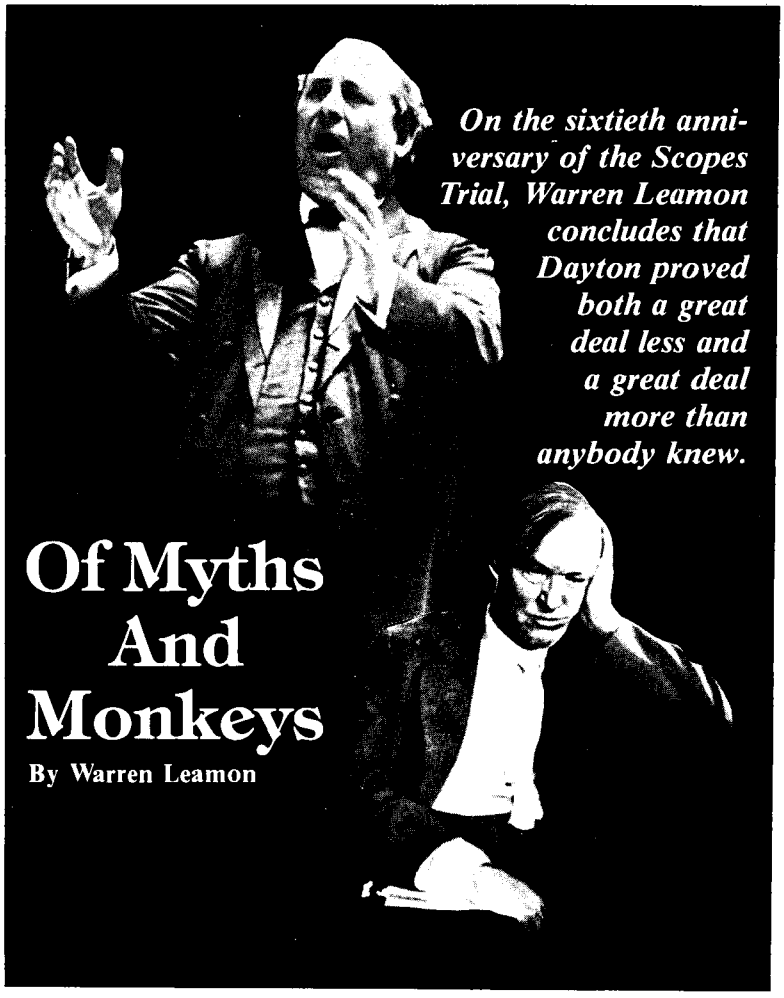

On the sixtieth anniversary of the Scopes Trial, Warren Leamon concludes that Dayton proved both a great deal less and a great deal more than anybody knew.

Of Myths And Monkeys

By Warren Leamon

Every night at the dinner table my father argued with my grandmother. They argued about everything so naturally they turned from time to time to religion. Grandmother, who never went to church, always took the fundamentalist position and insisted that the Bible, word for word, is literally true. My father, who never went to church either, was a amateur agnostic and insisted that though he didn't know much about religion, he damn well knew that there were things in the Bible that couldn't have happened. My mother, who did go to church and who read the Bible regularly, stayed out of it except to try to calm them down when they started shouting, which they invariably did. Finally one night, my father, who had probably read an article in the *Saturday Evening Post,* asked, "Where did Cain get his wife?"

Grandmother, suspecting a trap, replied, "What difference does that make?"

"The Bible says that he killed his brother Abel and went to the land of Nod, and then he married. Now there was only Adam and Eve and Cain. So where did he get his wife?"

"The Lord provided one," Grandmother lamely answered.

"No!" shouted my father and he banged his fist on the table. "I'll tell you where he got her. He wandered off to Africa and married an ape and that's how we got the theory of evolution."

I've always thought that that was one of his finest moments. And when I first heard of the "monkey trial," I remembered my father's splendid instantaneous creation of a myth that still seems to me to be as good as, if not better than, the one that has dominated the popular conception of the trial: that in the fundamentalist South in the summer of 1925 science and religion clashed and though religion won the trial, science carried the day. For the true significance of that trial in Dayton lies in the fact that it was one of the earliest examples of the process whereby the media, industry and the political establishment join to manufacture a "myth."

As Ray Ginger has demonstrated (*Six Days or Forever?*), hardly anyone in Tennessee took the anti-evolution law seriously. The science textbook approved by the state included chapters on evolution and even when the textbook was changed after the law was passed, the new book included chapters on evolution. John Thomas Scopes, who challenged the law, was well liked in the town. George Rappelyea, who persuaded Scopes to go to court and who managed the local factory, cared little about evolution one way or the other; he was looking for a way to bring new business to Dayton. The A.C.L.U.'s main aim was not to keep evolution in the schools but—as later events were to prove—to keep religion out of them (never mind that the state of Tennessee already prohibited the teaching of the Bible in the schools). Clarence Darrow was out to get William Jennings Bryan. And Bryan seemed as interested in selling real estate in Florida as he was in protecting the morals of the young. After the trial the state supreme court intensified the farce by upholding the law but overturning the conviction, Scopes went off to Chicago to graduate school (this made possible by the fame he received from the trial), Bryan died, Darrow went on practicing law, the Fundamentalists went on excoriating science, and teachers all over the country went on teaching evolution.

Aside from the location, there was not even anything particularly Southern about the trial: Darrow and Bryan were Middlewesterners, as was Scopes, more or less; Rappelyea and most of the defense lawyers were Yankees; only the judge and prosecuting lawyers were Southerners—and they were more interested in politics than they were in evolution or the Bible.

The notion that the trial pitted the Apostles of truth against the force and authority of the reactionary state—something similar to the trial of Galileo—is simply ludicrous. The state of Tennessee is hardly comparable to the Vatican and anyway, it had never been able, nor had it tried, to stop the teaching of evolution. The very idea of Clarence Darrow and Roger Baldwin (head of the A.C.L.U.) as advocates of the truth is laughable. Finally, as Weaver pointed out long ago (*The Ethics of Rhetoric*), the state took the dialectical (scientific) position and the defense (science) took the rhetorical position.

"What occurred in Dayton sixty years ago was not a confrontation between science and religion, but a confrontation between psuedo-science and psuedo-religion..."

In short, the trial was show business from beginning to end and while the *New York Times*—which certainly knew better—tried to present it as a serious moral and legal confrontation, the good people of Dayton saw it for what it was and seemed to have a whooping good time, cheering first one side, then the other. As far as they were concerned, Scopes could teach what he damn well pleased but no jury of twelve in Dayton, Tennessee, had to agree with him.

What occurred in Dayton 60 years ago was not a confrontation between science and religion but a confrontation between pseudo-science and pseudo-religion. The Fundamentalist position espoused by Bryan had existed only since the turn of the century and its reduction of Christianity to five "fundamentals" was matched in simplemindedness only by Darrow's contention that ultimate truth resides in scientific fact. Thus, when Bryan announced that he would go to Dayton to aid the prosecution and Scopes selected Darrow as one of his lawyers, the trial lost any chance of becoming a test between religion and science. Rather it became simply another—somewhat humorous—event in a conflict stretching back to the beginning of the Oxford Movement in England in the 1830s.

Why, then, has the "monkey trial" become a part of American folklore, a legendary—even epic—event? To answer the question, we should ask ourselves another one: Why is the brief Kennedy presidency still thought of as Camelot? In both instances the answer is the same—because the image, the myth, preceded the reality. Despite his America firstism and his devotion to all the middle class attitudes towards life and sex, Kennedy came into office as the harbinger of a new order; and despite the fact that his real accomplishments were the reducing of tariffs and the lowering of taxes, he remains fixed in the American mind as the very embodiment of idealism. Similarly, even before the Scopes trial began, the champions of "progress" created the myth to which the trial would be shaped: the forces of reason against the forces of religion. That reason was represented by a lawyer whose knowledge of science consisted of a keen interest in it, fueled by weekly lectures given to his little club by professors from the University of Chicago; and that religion was represented by a dying politician—neither of these facts deterred the mythmakers. And after the trial, which proved nothing, the myth grew stronger and stronger. Only recently *Time* brought it up in an article on contemporary fundamentalism. Nothing is more pitiful than the spectacle of modern man denouncing reli-

"The central figure in the creation of the myth was H. L. Mencken...his dispatches from Dayton were curiously confused, at times incoherent...and almost never funny."

gion as nothing more than superstition even as he elevates one mediocrity after another to the level of the gods.

The central figure in the creation of the myth was, of course, H.L. Mencken. Though he was in on the early planning of the trial, his dispatches from Dayton were curiously confused, at times incoherent and—most damning of all—almost never funny. At first unsettled by Dayton, which did not fit his stereotype of a Southern town, he sensed the show business atmosphere and seemed to realize that the Tennesseans weren't taking the trial seriously. His intellectual honesty battled with his Nietzschean elitism and gradually the latter won out. Perhaps he managed to fool himself. Did he really believe that there were no moonshiners in Dayton? Did he really believe that the crowds were moved by the *substance* of Darrow's speeches? Whether Mencken was (God forbid) naive or devious, the result was a series of articles which fit the scenario—ignorant bumpkins incapable of grasping the enlightenment of science. From our perspective Mencken seems not a detached observer of the action but an integral part of the farce. Scopes' memoir of the event (in *D-Days at Dayton*), though it never mentions him, makes him seem as comical as the people he caricatured.

Nevertheless, the image Mencken shaped the events to has survived so that today the average man tends to conceive of Creationists, in large part middle class white collar workers, as Southern rednecks (though Mencken never made much of the Southernness of the Tennesseans; he preferred to see them as typical small town Americans). The titles of works about the trial (*Six Days or Forever?*, *D-Days at Dayton*, *Inherit the Wind*) embody the myth.

Shorn of the spurious myth that has dominated later interpretations of it, the trial emerges as a conflict between populists and anarchists. What motivated Bryan was not merely his hatred of evolution theory. As a matter of fact, he turned to Fundamentalism late in his career and though he was probably sincere in his conversion he nonetheless saw Fundamentalism as an expression of the popular will that he had always felt he was called upon to serve. For Bryan, the trial was another battle in the great war of the common man against the evil Eastern establishment.

Darrow's political philosophy was not all that different from Bryan's. The prosecution (and Weaver in his essay) made much of Darrow's defense of Leopold and Loeb, pointing out that in that famous trial he emphasized that education can lead the individual into evil acts. In the Scopes trial, on the other hand, he argued the opposite: absolute freedom of inquiry leads to the truth. But in another sense, Darrow was consistent; in both instances he championed the cause of the individual against society. For Darrow, the trial was another battle in the anarchists's war against social and political institutions.

But the myth lives on, primarily because 1) fundamental protestantism cannot, by its very nature, acknowledge any human authority in spiritual matters (thus it obscures the fact that any interpretation of the Bible, literal or otherwise, is subject to the fallibility of man); 2) secularism, by its very nature, cannot acknowledge any authority other than reason (thus it obscures the fact that reason can and often does lead to evil). Underlying the current battle between Creationists and scientists is a raw struggle for power in which blind faith in God struggles with blind faith in reason. The battle has come about in large measure because the state has immersed itself so deeply in education that parents cannot affect the moral atmosphere of schools except through the dynamics of democratic (power) politics. As long as parents have to send their children to public schools, the state will have to take sides: it must either accommodate the parents (taxpayers) or force the parents to give in to the "experts," most of whom are financed in one way or another by the state.

The trial at Dayton is thought to have exposed the intellectual poverty of religion. In fact, it exposed the dilemma a free society finds itself in when the government becomes involved in the indoctrination of the young. The trial produced the sorry spectacle of a dying populist and a devious anarchist doing battle over something neither knew very much about. It also produced the spectacle of Gilbert Murray, the eminent classical scholar, claiming that the trial would be "the most serious setback to civilization in all history."

Thus Darwin does make monkeys of us all.☆

Warren Leamon, a frequent contributor to these pages, is Professor of English at the University of Georgia.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Eugene D. Genovese ***is a remarkable man, a conundrum, a man who challenges all of our predispositions. Consider just a few of the contradictions in terms he embodies: he is an objective Marxist, a leftist scholar and a Yankee gentleman.***

Of course, Professor Genovese would argue that there should be no surprise in the linking up of such terms. And his argument would carry the heavy force of logic, the light touch of a good natured wit and always the impeccable credentials of a scholar of the first class.

In his books (for example, **The Political Economy of Slavery, The World the Slaveholders Made, Roll, Jordan, Roll***), in hundreds of speeches and essays, Genovese has the remarkable gift of seeing events through the eyes of the people who lived and acted 130 years ago. And while members of the academic left delight in lashing the South, Genovese has generally resisted the moralistic ritual.***

Professor Genovese granted this special interview to **Partisan** ***senior editor Boyd Cathey.***

PARTISAN: How did you come to be interested in the South and in the study of it?

GENOVESE: More or less by accident. I was an undergraduate student at Brooklyn College majoring in history, particularly American History. Not unusually, I was particularly interested in secession and the War because, after all, that's what happened in American History. But in the course of working at it, I had an opportunity to do an honors paper with Professor Arthur C. Cole, who was one of the outstanding historians of that period.

I told him I was interested in doing something on Southern thought from the Revolution to the Civil War. He didn't laugh. He said that was fine but it was a bit broad. He went through a list, and I picked economic thought after narrowing it several times; and the next thing I knew I was doing a paper on agricultural reform. I didn't know the difference between a horse and a mule, but I just plunged in. And in the course of working on it for the better part of a year I got hooked.

PARTISAN: In your work, you describe the existence, under slavery, of a considerable degree of Black dignity and independence through their development of personal relationships with their masters. This seems to contradict the charge put forth by Stanley Elkins and others that slave society was little better than a concentration camp. Could you elaborate?

GENOVESE: Certainly I started writing *Roll, Jordan, Roll* and also *In Red And Black* as a reaction to Elkins. I must confess that until I read Elkins I had never intended

to write a book on the slaves; I was primarily interested in the masters. But Elkins' book shook me because it seemed to me to be logically irresistible. He took U. B. Phillips and Stampp and the whole received literature, transcended their specific disagreements and demonstrated that there was a general agreement that slavery had rendered the blacks in some way or another "Sambos." Now in the case of the older, more Abolitionist literature this was couched as "the nature of the blacks." In the neo-Abolitionist literature, which Stampp's book epitomizes, it was projected as the dreadful outcome of a horrible social system.

Now, I read Elkins carefully; I had studied Latin-American history with Frank Tannenbaum at Columbia. And I just didn't buy it. First of all, I really thought that he was wrong in much of what he said about the Latin-American side of it. Second, I looked at his argument and said this is a brilliant exposition of the logic of slavery, but there are too many countervailing forces he's not taking into consideration.

Nevertheless the book haunted me; and like many scholars, younger and not so young at that time, I began to study the question seriously. I owe that to him and so do a lot of other people. I must confess that when I started out I thought I was going to do my book on slaves in about two years and that it would be a little book, an extended essay. It wound up taking about 10 years in the course of which I learned what I knew abstractly but came to know very specifically: if you want to understand the masters you really have to make an effort to understand the slaves and vice-versa. These people's lives were too closely bound up together.

PARTISAN: You are well-known as a practitioner of a Marxist methodology in historical research. I take this to mean you are interested in movements of people—the "masses"— rather than grand personages, presidents, elections or battles, as history's working material. Yet some of the more strident voices on the American Left tend to be hostile or unfriendly to you. Why do you think this is so?

GENOVESE: First of all, since I think I am a real conservative, I must insist that I have a Marxist *method* and not a *methodology*. But really what I want to express is this: I regard myself as a Marxist and I do not think that being a good Marxist means treating Marx's own work or any part of Marx's work as canon. I think that with the development of any point of view, once you do that, you're dead.

In any case, I interpreted the Old South from the beginning as a unique society based on the master-slave relation. Of course I know perfectly well that most of the Southerners were not slaveholders and that many qualifications need to be introduced, but my central argument has been that slavery permeated that society on all levels of thought, of feeling and action. And that this gave the Old South a unique quality in the modern world, radically different from the other great slaveholding societies in Brazil, Cuba and Jamaica.

In any case, what I have argued from the beginning is that Southern society existed *within*, inexplicably, the modern capitalist world and that internally it had many of the attributes of a bourgeois society. But the master-slave relation carried it psychologically, materially, politically in quite a different direction, and this is the formulation that I have used and that my wife and I tried to develop in our book *Fruits of Merchant Capital*—that the South was *in* but not *of* the modern capitalist world. That has gone down very hard with many people on the Left.

PARTISAN: What do you think of Marx's observations on the War Between the States? Do they influence your thinking?

GENOVESE: Marx himself treated the Old South as a particularly vicious kind of bourgeois society and in *Fruits of Merchant Capital* my wife and I took up his argument and argued against it explicitly. One of the things that we said (which some of my Marxist friends did not want to hear) is that Marx didn't know anything about the Old South. I mean, you know, he read Olmsted and he read a few newspapers and most of his generalizations about the Old South were actually based upon his knowledge of slavery in the Caribbean about which he knew a lot more. So to put it bluntly, I really don't give a damn what he said about the Old South. What difference does it make?

Of course, I think that his theoretical work on history is very useful for understanding the development of Southern Society. If I didn't think that I wouldn't be a Marxist. You know, his observations on the War itself reflected a partisan hatred for slavery, but he was by no means uncritical of the North. You'll find in those writings some very hard criticisms of the kind that a lot of Southerners at the time might have said "Amen" to.

PARTISAN: Recently the *Raleigh News and Observer* attacked you as an "economic determinist" and you responded by a letter to that paper that this was a false reading of your work. Would you like to explain this in a little more detail?

GENOVESE: Well, if I had wanted to be really rude I would have said it was a stupid interpretation. I'm willing to listen to any kind of criticism of my work, but I don't see how anybody who reads it could call me an "economic determinist" of any kind. And, you know, Marxism is inherently hostile to economic determinism, although the confusion arises even among honest people.

Marx is primarily concerned with the centrality of social classes, and we define social classes in relation to the means of production which can narrowly be seen as an economic category. But this can't bear such a simple formulation. Social classes are a product of much more than their economic interests.

By the way, may I come back to one thing we left

hanging? In an earlier question you said that as a Marxist, I was interested in the "masses" rather than grand personages, presidents, elections, battles, and so forth. May I comment on that? I wouldn't say it that way. My wife and I also took this theme up in *The Fruits of Merchant Capital*. We don't believe (and I think many historians from Right and Left would agree) that you can understand great historical changes, which to us are basically political, if you simply concentrate on the formal trappings of politics or high culture. What you may badly call "the masses," lumping together all kinds of people, are actors in history. Consequently historical changes are products of the constant tension between what is being generated below, as it were, and what is being generated above.

PARTISAN: Looking at whole societies, then, what differences do you see between the Antebellum South and the North, particularly New England? And have those differences persisted in your view?

GENOVESE: You know, this is a question which is battled out among historians, incessantly and with great heat. Of course it depends upon how one sets things up.

For me, the essential question comes to this: Did the South and North diverge in a deep cultural sense, as well as politically and institutionally, to a degree that made secession and war understandable, not as a historical tragedy but as the outcome of a historical process? Under any circumstances the War would have had tragic dimensions, the mere fact that members of families fought on both sides, and so on.

Now, here I don't see the point of merging the South and the North at all, and I say that with full awareness that Louisiana was not South Carolina and Mississippi was not Virginia. Nonetheless, because the South developed as a slave labor society whereas the North developed as an essentially bourgeois society, these people became separate in sensibility as well as interests.

That does not preclude enormous regional variations on either side. It suggests a common range of behavior and much overlapping, but with a very different locus. And in this sense, I think that those Southerners who perceived themselves by the 1850s as being in the process of forging a separate nationality and as being a people apart were right. I think this was one of the great difficulties in the way of any kind of a compromise. Northerners from their perspective had to see the country as one; Southerners had to see themselves increasingly as a separate people who were trying to negotiate a co-existence.

This is reflected, it seems to me, in the difference in Constitutional perception. For Southerners, the Union was a compact; they put it in States' Rights terms and that meant something very real to them. I don't underestimate it. But at the bottom of that (and I think this can be demonstrated in their own testimony) was the notion that the Constitution made possible the political co-existence of two radically different social systems. And that therefore from their point of view, the Constitution was a way to live and let live. From the Northern point of view it was much closer to being a national document. They never accepted the notion that this was a solemn compact between two equal social systems. They may have been willing to tolerate slavery in the states as a States' Rights phenomenon, but they never acknowledged that therefore the Constitution sanctioned slavery and put that social system on an equal footing with their own.

PARTISAN: What kind of differences continue today between the regions?

GENOVESE: Well, I must confess that the one thing about Southern history that continues to surprise is the staying power of much of the culture and sensibility that I would have thought would have eroded very quickly with the demise of the old regime. Now, to some extent I think that the race question and the long period of segregation acted as a functional substitute, and I am skeptical of the continued staying power of much of what is called traditional in the South.

On another aspect of culture, my wife Betsey and I are doing a book on the master class. Central to that book is a thesis which we have taken up from Southern conservatives that the Old South should be understood fundamentally as a religious society. We take that very seriously. We are enormously impressed and moved by our work on the slaveholder, family by family, person by person. We've been digging into family papers for many many years to do this project in a very specific way, and we're discovering in our study the efforts to develop not only the churches per se but the schools, the old-field schools, the academies, the female institutes, the colleges—all of which were permeated by religious values and largely either directly sponsored by religious institutions or by people who very much saw education as religiously grounded.

In our study, we say that the intense religious quality of Southern life sets it apart from the North in two ways: First, and less firmly, we strongly suspect that Southern culture was more deeply religious than Northern. But that's awfully hard to establish, especially since there are different qualities of religious experience. But second, and this is more important and easier to nail down, the religious quality of Southern society carried with it very specific social and political consequences.

Let me put it this way: Southerners were overwhelmingly convinced that the Bible sanctioned slavery. Incidentally, while we are not Biblical scholars, we'll go out on a limb and say that the Southerners won that argument against the abolitionists. These were people who were very close to the Book, that was true of the Presbyterians, even of the Episcopalians and certainly of the Baptists and Methodists and the smaller sects.

Now under the circumstances, what we think we can demonstrate is that the defense of slavery was religiously

grounded and not only that, the fundamental political and social thought of Southern society was religiously grounded. Where I think we can demonstrate the divergence from the North is that, over time in the North, religion was weakening even in the bastions of Old Puritanism in New England. It was increasingly being watered down by liberal religion and increasingly losing its hold on the discourse. In the South, it was being strengthened. In the North, politicians could appeal to God and the Bible in some fashion; after all, they still do. In the South, it was impossible to make any kind of a political or social statement without grounding your arguments firmly in a religious discourse and knowing full well that you were speaking to people who knew exactly what the touchstones were.

Look at James Hammond of South Carolina, a brilliant man but hardly the epitome of a good Christian, or Henry Wise of Virginia. Take the most opportunistic of people, the depths of whose religion one could suspect, yet these guys, in speaking about great social questions and political principles, knew they had to begin in the same way that their deeply religious colleagues did. That was the discourse.

Now that was no longer true of the North. The discourse in the North was increasingly secular with God thrown in occasionally in a somewhat deeper way. But in the South I don't think that you could find serious social and political arguments beyond the level of stump tactics that were not religiously grounded and didn't operate within a discourse that was steadily disappearing in the North.

PARTISAN: This is an interesting insight. Are you aware of anybody else who has brought this point up?

GENOVESE: Well, look, we've come to this in two ways. First of all, we formulated the hypothesis primarily by reading conservative defenses of Southern tradition: Allen Tate, for all of his feelings that the South wasn't a good Roman Catholic society as it should have been, the people from *I'll Take My Stand*, Richard Weaver, M. E. Bradford, and others who formulate it very sharply.

One of the things that has amazed me is that I've worked on these Antebellum Southerners now for a long, long time, but it wasn't until I started to go back and reread the conservative interpretations and defenses of Southern tradition that the full force of that hit me, the force of what it might mean.

And also ironically I was led in writing *Roll, Jordan, Roll* to place great emphasis on the centrality of black religion. Given my own biases, I was dragged kicking and screaming to that vantage point. But that's where my evidence led me and when I started to reflect on it I finally said, "You know this is absurd." You could not have this kind of a deeply religious black community without its white counterpart or vice-versa.

For Betsey this was a lot easier because she came into Southern history late, without my prejudice and she saw it right away. She said, "My God, you cannot read the family letters of these people, what they write to the public, what they say to themselves privately, without being struck by the centrality of religion to Southern life." She's coming out with a book on Southern women and that realization will be up front because she saw it all over the place when she started this study.

PARTISAN: What about your future plans? We know now about your book on religion in the Old South.

GENOVESE: Well, let me say the book will be on the slaveholders, but religion will be central to it. It's not a separate study of Southern religion. And this study is going to take some years to complete. My guess is five or six. I'm 55 now and my wife is eleven years younger. She has a number of projects that she's been working on and will be completing both on women's history and related stuff.

As for me, I try to be realistic about these things. I figure by the time the book appears I'm going to be on the other side of sixty. I hope in good shape and not about to quit. But this book will probably be the last large-scale thing I do. It takes an enormous amount of time and physical energy doing in-depth research, and the older you grow the harder it gets. You have to be sensible about that. If I lived in the South it would be easier because I want to stay with Southern topics.

I've made a tentative decision that what I would like to do after that is the opposite of what usually happens. I don't want to use the next ten years, which I hope God gives me, to try to work on broad theoretical questions. Maybe because I did a good deal of that when I was younger and got it out of my system. My critics might say I ran off at the mouth a lot. But what I really would like to do (and what I think would give me enormous pleasure) is to follow the example of people like E. Merton Coulter, whom I never met but whose work I admired not withstanding gagging on his racial views.

What I would like to do is something that would be very ambitious and would require physically moving some, here and there. Certain aspects of Charleston, for example in the 1850s, interest me. But in any case, I'm thinking smaller and smaller past this book. There's a case to be made for that kind of work to be done by people who have already been in the field for 40 years instead of just starting out. So that's what I'm thinking for the future. ☆

RESTORATION SERIES

By Egon Richard Tausch

GOTT mit UNS:
The Texas German Confederates

From the swamps of East Texas, to the Gulf coast, to the western desert, the Lone Star state produced a hearty breed of Confederates with a taste for German beer and an unshakeable devotion to the South.

Limiting "true" Southerners to those of English extraction is unfair not only to the French of South Carolina and Louisiana and the Irish population of several States, but it is wildly unfair to the State of Texas, one-third of which was German at the time of the War for Southern Independence.

Yes, that State was part of the Old South. She had a rural, cotton-based economy; the political virtues of the Old Republic; an ideology based on the Constitution; strong family and religious values—and she proved her loyalty by being one of the earliest States to secede, and supplying what Lee considered his best soldiers (not to mention feeding and providing ammunition for the rest of the South through most of the War).

One-third of the Texan people at that time were Germans. The Germans had arrived in massive numbers in the 1830s and 40s. They came from the conservative rural societies of the still decentralized *German* Confederacy. They chose to come to the Republic and State of Texas, innocent as they were of the egalitarian dogmas of the North and East, but having a knowledge of and respect for the Texas and U.S. Constitutions. These Germans consciously chose the South, and enthusiastically adapted to it.

The Germans took up cotton planting and the small-town crafts which support a rural economy. Slavery was no obstacle; in fact, the largest slave-holder in Texas was the *Adelsverein* (German noblemen's society). By the time of the War, the third largest city in Texas was all-German (New Braunfels), and almost half the people in the other two large cities—San Antonio and Galveston—were Germans, as were most of the farmers between those cities.

Some of the first Confederate regiments raised in Texas were German, proudly marching under the Stars and Bars (a flag designed, incidentally, by an Alabama German), inscribed with "*Gott mit Uns*" and "*Treue der Constitution*" ("Loyal to the Constitution").

The Texas Germans spearheaded Sibley's New Mexico Campaign, won the Battle of Galveston almost single-handedly, and fought throughout Louisiana. Among individuals, the second commander of Terry's Texas Rangers was a German. One of Edmund Kirby-Smith's best generals was August Buechel, hero of the Battle of Mansfield, killed leading his Germans at the Battle of Greenville.

And, at the end, the most famous German regiment—the 7th Texas Mounted Volunteers (*7. Texas Berittene Freiwillige*) refused to surrender, riding armed out of General Kirby-Smith's army the night before, to await hoped-for developments in West Texas.

Then why have the Texas Germans been overlooked by Southern historians? For two totally inadequate reasons.

First, a historical accident occurred which we Texas Germans are still trying to live down. While many hundreds of Anglos fled to Mexico to avoid the War, one tiny band of thirty Germans, all brand-new arrivals in the State and all from the far-west town of Comfort, tried to do the same thing. But unlike the Anglos, they were caught and massacred—and were, therefore, remembered.

Few people know that most of the Confederate irregulars who caught them were themselves Germans. If fact, not one Texas German ever joined the Union Army—a record unequalled by any other ethnic group in the South.

The second reason that our contributions to the Confederacy have been overlooked is that during Reconstruction the Germans reverted to their native language in order to thwart the Northern occupation troops. As a result, the Germans were ignored and were spared many of the ravages of Reconstruction.

There is a tragically stupid monument in New Braunfels, Texas—erected by some ignoramus at the turn of the century—dedicated to our "Union and Confederate Dead." This from a city, county, and people who never supplied one Union Soldier. That apologetic statue caused much anti-German feeling among Anglo-Texans.

What ethnocentric snobs in the Eastern South haven't done to us, "New South Boosterism" among a few of our own has accomplished.

But isn't that the case all over the South today?

Gradually now, the distinctiveness of the Texas Germans is dying out, as is that of the Louisiana Creoles and Cajuns. Such a development is not an enrichment of the South, but an impoverishment. ☆

Egon Richard Tausch is a Confederate, a German and a Texan residing in San Antonio.

Redneck Gladiators

By James R. Singleton

Cooter Cannon ran the bar, but Thelma's Place never really belonged to anyone. In the family tree of bars, it was sort of like an alley cat. It more or less tolerated the patrons who spent their paychecks in its dark interior.

One nice thing about the place: it was hard to see the damage until your eyes were accustomed to the dark. By then, you were having so much fun you were afraid you would miss something if you left. Like the time James Rose Lee and Jesse Thompkins decided to settle their eight-year-old feud right there in the middle of the dance floor. With chain saws.

No one could recall just why James Rose and Jesse had been clawing at each other for so long. Truth was, they couldn't remember either. Jesse said it started back in their junior year in high school when James Rose stole the affection of Daphne Rooker from him. James Rose disagreed. Never took her out at all, he insisted. They got to arguing about that, and the feud fired back up again.

That was back in September. By January, those two were just primed to kill each other, and everyone in the county figured it would happen at Thelma's. Wouldn't do to have the event anywhere else. Thelma's had a monopoly on dance floor and parking lot shootings and stabbings since the Chateau Switchblade started closing down one night a week after Elrod Jenkins got born again watching Jim Bakker and his PTL show on television.

Business picked up around Thelma's in anticipation of the big event. I consider it a cultural lesson. I feel I now know what the atmosphere was like in Rome just before they turned the lions loose on those first Christians.

Excitement. That's what it was. Pure excitement. The whole county smelled blood and got the fever.

It was unseasonably warm the second Saturday in February when supporters of the two rivals met to plan the confrontation. The groups met in the parking lot of Thelma's Place at 10 a.m. For many of them, the morning air had an unaccustomed sharpness. They were not used to direct sunlight.

The purpose of the meeting was to set the date and the ground rules for the fight. Monk Moody, by virtue of his saying so, was spokesman for Jesse's group. Jim Rose's crowd was led by Milo Freeman.

Monk stood six feet five inches tall and weighed something over 300 pounds. He was big. He was mean, and other than bench pressing the juke box, there was nothing he enjoyed more than a good fight.

Milo was so thin, the preacher thought he had left the church when he turned to kiss his bride. Milo had absolutely no interest in the physical confrontation. He was only interested in making the odds on the match, and he figured the closer he was to the players, the better his information would be. The word was filtering back from neighboring counties that the Lee/Thompkins match was going to be the fight of the century.

Milo may have been puny, but he feared no man in a five-county area. He was one of the finest accountants

to graduate from State and he served as chief financial advisor to Chief Deputy Bubba Ellsworth. That was better than an insurance policy, because even Monk steered clear of "Bad Bubba."

Milo's participation was a guarantee that the fight would not be raided whenever it finally took place.

The two groups faced each other across an imaginary line that more or less split the parking lot. Most of the parking was in the city, but three spaces up front and Thelma's Place itself were just a hair over the line inside the county.

The split jurisdictions had protected Thelma's Place many times in the past when someone got rowdy and woke up the next morning stuffed in the telephone booth with empty pockets.

Neither city nor county dispatcher knew whether to send a patrol car in response to an emergency, and unless Bubba himself happened to be handy, not many deputies were willing to go anyway.

As a result, Thelma's Place acquired a "lived-in" look over the years. There was not a window over six weeks old in the entire building.

Cooter had long ago stopped replacing the mirror over the bar, and one wall sagged about six inches out of alignment. The misalignment dated from the night Ruby Lattamore got mad at Monk and drove her daddy's Henry J automobile through the wall and chased Monk around the room with the car.

The ambulance had come to a stop in front of Bubba's patrol car. Before I could reply, the medics had the rear doors open and were sliding the gurney out. A bottle of clear fluid hung in the IV stand and dripped a slow flow of liquid into the arm of the man who was being taken out of the ambulance.

Without looking, I knew who the person on the gurney had to be.

Jim Rose leaned up on his left elbow as he surveyed the parking lot.

"Wow!" he said, as the effects of the grain alcohol dripping into his arm took effect. "Did I win?"

"Not yet, boy. Not yet," Bubba answered. He motioned toward the service entrance, and the medics pushed Jim Rose off toward his dressing room.

There was nothing I could do to stop the fight, and I certainly didn't want to miss it. So I followed Bubba into Thelma's. I never would have gotten inside if I hadn't entered when he did.

The place was packed. Wall-to-wall humanity. There must have been eight hundred people in the place. The noise was almost painful, and every step was treacherous. Beer ran an inch or more deep all the way around the dance floor until it disappeared in the drain holes Cooter had drilled at the far end of the room.

Jim Rose appeared first.

The room was instantly silent. No one breathed. Jim Rose walked on uncertain legs to the center of the room, trailing the IV tube. One of the medics rushed out, pulled the needle from Jim Rose's arm and turned him full circle so he could be seen by the fans. He clasped his hands over his head. The crowd roared its approval. He was grinning, but I saw fear in his eyes. It was the same kind of fear I had seen in Cooter. It was the sudden kind of fear that comes over a man when he realizes for the first time he is in danger and there is no way out.

Jesse stood patiently by the bar until Jim Rose had savored the adoration of the crowd. He strode confidently to center stage and bowed to the fans who clustered around Monk.

The gladiators faced each other. A moment of indecision crept into their faces. Neither knew what to do next. They stood there, staring at each other for perhaps ten seconds. Jim Rose started to offer his hand. Jesse shook his head. Jim Rose shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

I felt sorry for them. Neither really seemed to want to continue the feud, which had been reignited almost a year earlier. But it had gone far beyond their control.

The spell was broken by Cooter and Devon Johnson, owner of the Real Value Hardware. The crowd opened a path for them as the men, carrying identical black chainsaw cases, approached the gladiators.

Cooter and Devon placed the cases in front of the fighters, opened the cases and shook each man's hand before retiring to the sideline.

Cooter handed the microphone to Bubba, who was the acknowledged master of ceremonies for the county. As auctioneer at the county impoundment yard, he was the only man who had experience in such things.

Bubba pushed the microphone away. His voice was up to the occasion.

Stepping a few feet into the arena, Bubba cupped his hands and shouted to Jesse and Jim Rose, "Gentlemen, start your chain saws!"

The gladiators sprang into action. Jim Rose appeared to be in slightly better condition than Jesse. Jim Rose was able to get his chain saw out of the case. Jesse fell face forward when he tried to lift his weapon.

The crowd roared its approval.

Jim Rose sensed his advantage. He locked the throttle open, closed the choke and yanked hard on the starter rope. The saw sputtered a couple of times. Jim Rose yanked again. And again. And again.

Those closest to the fight could smell the sharp odor of the gas/oil mixture. Jim Rose had flooded his saw. A bad sign if Jesse could get his started. Not a chance.

Jesse was having trouble simply standing without assistance. He set the throttle, teetered backwards and almost fell. He stumbled forward, closed the choke and tried twice to pull the starter rope. His hands slipped off the handle both times and he fell to the floor.

The odor of Jim Rose's flooded saw got to Jesse. He got sick all over the blade of his saw.

Bubba realized both men needed help. The fight would be equal if both received assistance, so he nodded in the direction of Monk's group. The Rossi twins—Amelia and Sheeba—ran to the aid of the fighters. Within a few seconds the soft purr of the idling chain saws was the only sound heard.

The crowd got quiet. They had paid for blood, and they were tired of waiting.

Jim Rose again sensed an advantage. He revved his saw and lashed at Jesse. Jesse's reflexes were dulled by the alcohol in his system, but he was able to roll out of harm's way. Jim Rose's saw cut a twelve-inch gash in the dance floor.

Jim Rose recovered relatively quickly and turned to slash again at his downed opponent.

But, instead of getting a clean angle, Jim Rose slipped on the wet spot and ended up on the floor with Jesse.

It was Jesse's turn to take the advantage.

Gripping the saw as though it were a broad sword, Jesse staggered to his feet and began swinging the weapon in a figure eight pattern. Jim Rose retreated until his back was against the area Monk had patched when Ruby Lattamore drove her Henry J through the wall. They had done a fairly good job of hiding the hole, but the cosmetic repair had none of the strength of the original wall.

Jesse sensed the kill. His eyes narrowed to slits. His breath was coming in deep gulps, and I could see the veins in his temple bulge as he steadied himself for the moment of truth.

Jesse threw his head back and let out the most gawdawful imitation of a rebel yell I ever heard. Then he closed his eyes and charged straight ahead, chain saw roaring at full speed.

When Jesse paused to do his yell, Jim Rose sensed the end was near. He closed his eyes and flinched in anticipation of the saw.

If either man had kept his eyes open, we probably would have had a disaster on our hands. As it turned out, Jesse missed. From a distance of five feet, aiming at a 230 pound stationary object, he missed. Not by much, only a couple of inches, but he missed clean and simple.

The saw bit deep into the cheap mortar board Monk had used to patch the hole Ruby's Henry J had made The combination of the chain saw and Jesse's 280 pounds was more than the weakened wall could take, and seconds later the two men and saws were rolling around in the parking lot.

James Rose realized he wasn't dead when he smelled Jesse's breath. It was a combination of pickled pigs feet and beer. He opened his eyes. Jesse's eyes two inches from his glimmered in the moonlight.

The sound of the crowd pouring through the hole in the wall and the purring chain saws brought both men to their senses. Jesse rolled off Jim Rose and they scrambled to find their saws in the half light of the moon.

Jim Rose found his saw first, but in his haste to take the offensive, he twisted his ankle in the high grass at the rear of Jesse's prized pickup truck. He dropped his saw and crumpled to the ground in agony.

A hush fell over the crowd. A fallen warrior who had fought gallantly was spared in ancient Rome. No one explained the tradition to Jesse. He saw only victory. His victim lay wounded before him, leaning against the door of the truck.

Jesse's eyes narrowed again. He stood in one spot for perhaps a half minute, revving the engine on his saw and savoring the moment of victory.

The crowd got quiet. Several side bets were quickly placed on whether Jesse would actually go through with the fight. Milo Freeman was giving three-to-two odds he would.

Jesse didn't let the crowd wait too long. He took a deep breath, let out another imitation rebel yell and charged the fallen Jim Rose.

The only thing that stood between Jesse the man and Jesse the legend was Jim Rose's chain saw, which lay about four feet from the truck—directly in the path of the hard charging, chain saw swinging Jesse Thompkins.

One minute he was rushing toward immortality—at least in a small portion of the state. An instant later, his right foot hit Jim Rose's chain saw, and Jesse felt himself sprawling in the direction of his victim.

Instinct overcame anger. Jesse threw his hands up to break his fall. Unfortunately, he still held the chain saw.

The high pitched sound cut through the crowd. No one dared move. The unthinkable had happened.

Monk Moody summed up the feelings of the crowd in two words.

"Uh oh."

Jesse knew without looking that the damage was extensive. Slowly, he backed away. The moonlight painted a white reflection on the glossy black hood and outlined the 12-inch gash in the fender of his custom-built pickup truck. The chain saw bar remained imbedded in the fender.

Jesse seemed not to understand at first the extent of what he had done. Then, as the impact of his deed filtered into his mind, he dropped to his knees, wrapped his arms around the damaged fender and began to cry like a baby.

No one dared move.

Jim Rose dragged himself painfully over to his sobbing foe.

Tenderly, he put his arms around Jesse's shoulders and said, "Come on, Jesse, I'll buy you a beer."

The feud was ended.☆

James Singleton resides in Charlotte, North Carolina and is associated with the Writers' Guild.

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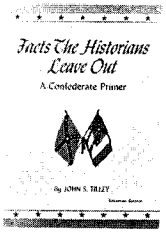

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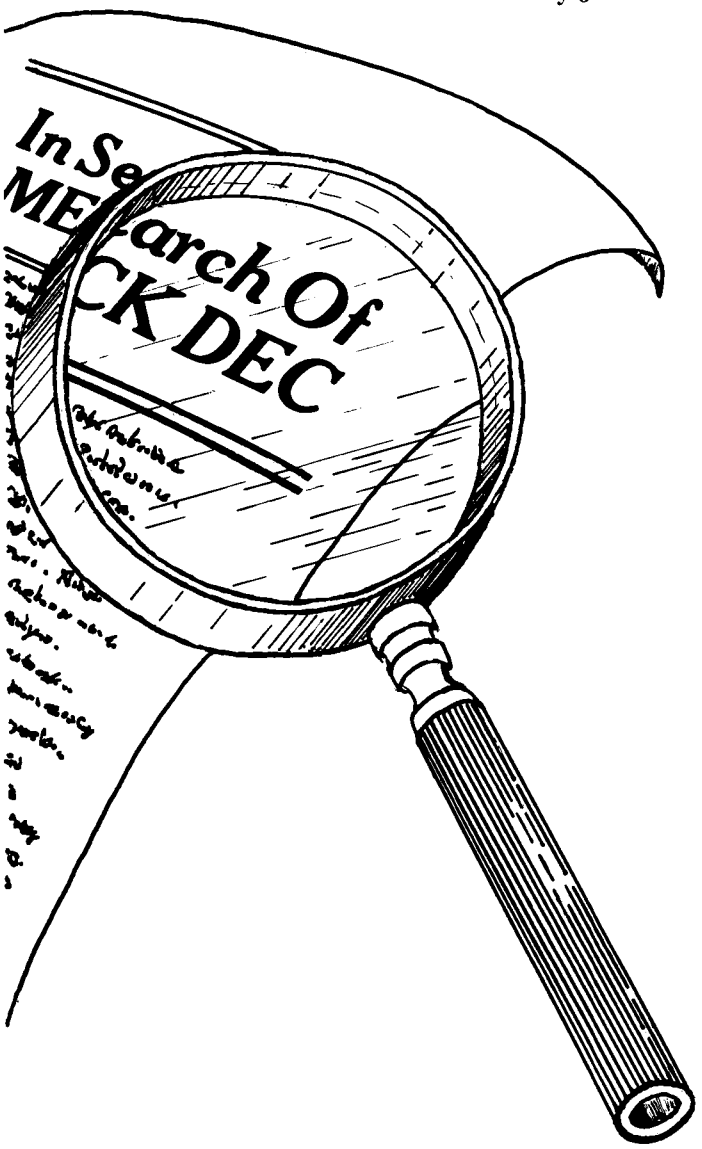
Down South, being first is some times serious business. Especially when it comes to stock car races and history.

By J. D. Hite



... We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights...

Pretty heady stuff. But not so profound as to prevent the State of North Carolina from claiming the *real first* Declaration of Independence, the alleged Mecklenburg Declaration. Supposedly signed at the "Courthouse in Charlotte Town" on May 20, 1775, the five-paragraph Mecklenburg Declaration—or "Meck Dec" as it is fondly called by those wanting to throw a party or shrink a headline—indeed contains a declaration of independence. "Resolved," it reads, "That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people."

Many historians, including ones who will swear that the sky is (North) Carolina Blue, doubt the Meck Dec's authenticity. The original, the story goes, was lost in an 1800's fire. The copies liberally distributed by the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce carry an attorney general's warning that "It has never been authenticated...."

This doubt, however, has not poisoned the minds of those North Carolina officials who decide what to stamp where. A few years ago, North Carolina license tags boasted that, thanks to the Meck Dec, Tar Heels were "First in Freedom." And both the North Carolina state flag and seal are emblazoned with the date of May 20, 1775.

Over the years, the Meck Dec has been a skyrocketing political and commercial success. Meck Dec Day celebrations have lured four U.S. presidents to Charlotte—William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Gerald Ford—and sparked enough parades and parties to pay for the Revolutionary War. There was, however, one notable Meck Dec commercial failure.

In December, 1975, the N.C. Alcoholic Beverage Control Board put 8,500 commemorative Meck Dec decanters on state-owned store shelves. Holding 26.6 ounces of 86-proof bourbon packaged in porcelain and molded in the shape of Captain James Jack (the man who, according to legend, carried a copy of the Meck Dec to Philadelphia) and carrying a post-Revolutionary price of $35.85 each, these Meck Dec mementos, said ABC officials, were sure to sell out in three days.

Three years and as many price cuts later there were 1,800 porcelain Captain Jack's left, proving that being number one, historically speaking, is not always a Kentucky shot in the arm for liquor sales. Likewise, it proved that just because a man drinks does not mean he is foolish with his money. ABC finally emptied the shelves by holding a firewater sale at $14.00 per bottle, a price more reflective of the contents than the wrapping. ☆

J. D. Hite lives not too far from Lake Secession, in Greenwood, South Carolina.

CRITICUS

By L. W. May

Notes on an Anachronism

"Bradford is perhaps the most misquoted and most misunderstood political commentator of our time," according to L.W. May, a long time observer and admirer of Professor Bradford. This ignorance can be corrected by reading the volume reviewed here,* REMEMBERING WHO WE ARE, *published by the University of Georgia Press (1985).

A hundred years ago M. E. Bradford's opinions would have been commonplace. Two hundred years ago they would have been universally held. Today they are a scandal. In fact, Bradford is perhaps the most misquoted and most misunderstood political commentator of our time, if you don't include Jerry Falwell (who shares some positions with Bradford but by no means all). Bradford has been accused of advocating slavery (untrue), of being in love with the past (only partially true), and of being an apologist for the South (true without a doubt); but those who make these accusations rarely bother to read the man's work or to understand the firm ground upon which he bases his opinions. *Remembering Who We Are* gives them the opportunity to correct their ignorance, if indeed they want to.

It is a volume of speeches and occasional pieces rather than a set of interrelated scholarly essays; so the reader sees Bradford in a number of different places, commenting on a variety of subjects, some of them not of his own choosing. For example, he is at ease when speaking to the students at Dartmouth about Southern Agrarianism, a little less so, perhaps, when talking theology in East Texas (not because of the locale, you understand, but because of the subject). Yet wherever Bradford appears and whatever his announced topic, you can pretty well set your watch back to another era—for he is a two-hundred-ninety pound anachronism walking the streets of modern America, telling us what we once believed in and why we'd better believe in it again. Sometimes Bradford wears a cowboy hat on these speaking jaunts. Sometimes he wears an Inverness cape. And, no matter how God-awful it sounds, sometimes he wears both—a gesture symbolic of his essential indebtedness to his Texas upbringing and his English political heritage. Like his good friend, Russell Kirk, he is a Burkean of sorts, a believer in the continuity of Western Civilization, which he contends has survived not because of modern inventiveness but in spite of it. He regards the South as the last coherent repository of traditional values; and unlike Northern conservatives, he has a brooding distrust of economic theory and unrestricted capitalism. If you asked him to choose between Big Government and Big Business he would take neither.

The title essay of this volume tells us precisely who we are by telling us exactly where we came from; and it is perhaps the most important political essay he has ever written. Here he traces the origins of the American political heritage from Rome through Venice and Holland to the shores of Virginia, demonstrating the unmistakable continuity of a tradition which balances precisely the considerations of order and justice with the desire of men to have some control over their own political destiny. Bradford's point: governments are not made out of abstractions but out of the history and character of a specific people. Thus he rebukes the present tendency of politicians, whether in the congress or in the federal courts, who would make law in accordance with mere abstract principle; and he is willing to take drastic action to stop such meddling:

> *Preventing the United States Supreme Court from disrupting this less ambitious process* would be *a conservative measure. Congress might restrict their jurisdiction by statute. A movement to repeal or revise the Fourteenth Amendment would get my strong support. If nothing else can be done to restrain the Federal courts, we might eventually be forced to attempt a change in the fundamental law—one or two amendments to see to it that the judges get the point. But my politics are generically American and not much indebted to Justinian's Code. I'm uncomfortable even with normative measures of which I approve if initiated at the Federal level. I acknowledge that sin and suffering are equalizers; death, an outright leveller; and God's free grace in the person of His Son a compliment to our species that makes all talk of rights unimportant.*

"A Firebell in the Night" is a bold statement on the race question as it has plagued America from the early nineteenth century to the present. The title is a quote from Thomas Jefferson who saw in the compromise of 1820 "the Knell of the Union...a reprieve only, not a final sentence." And Bradford says in this essay that the besetting preoccupation of modern social planners is a kind

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ROBERT E. LEE

From deep conviction I simply say this: A nation of men of Lee's calibre would be unconquerable in spirit and soul....

Dwight D. Eisenhower

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

We ordaine that the day of our ships' arrival at the place assigned for plantation in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perpetually kept holy as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God.

Instructions to Virginia settlers for the first Thanksgiving, 1619

POWER

But the history of the world has been written in vain if it does not teach us that unrestrained authority can never be safely trusted in human hands.

President Andrew Johnson in vetoing one of the Reconstruction Congress' "Force Acts"

THE WAR

To the charge of the North that secession was rebellion and treason, the South replied that the epithets of rebel and traitor did not deter her from the assertion of her independence, since these same epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington and Hancock and Adams and Light Horse Harry Lee.

John Brown Gordon

EDUCATION

The adjustment which the progressive educators prate of, is, just because of its lack of any spiritual idea, nothing more than the adjustment of a worm to the surface it is crawling on.

Richard Weaver

of outmoded secular millennialism, born in the eighteenth century and nurtured in the nineteenth, which suggests that somehow, some way we can eventually solve all social problems and usher in a perfect society.

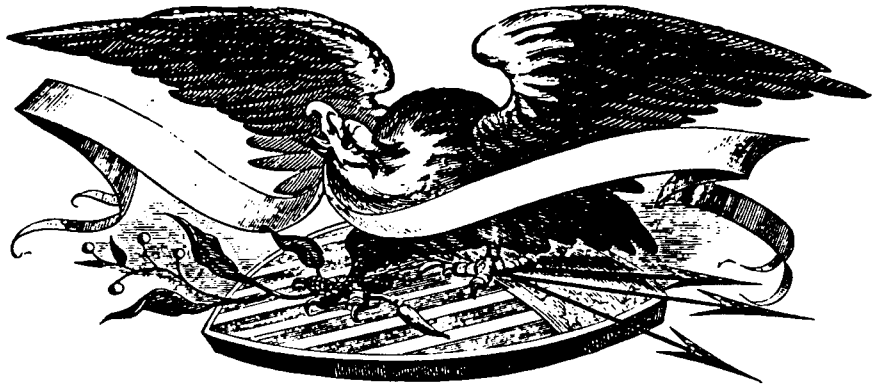
This attitude, says Bradford, leaves us forever striving with one another, forever dissatisfied with the advances we have made, always certain that with the next decision by the Supreme Court or the next Amendment to the Constitution we will achieve that perfection we have conceived of in our own "gnostic" imaginations. The chief victim of all this mischief, he argues, is the black man, though all of society is likewise disturbed and compromised.

Perhaps the most valuable and authoritative pieces in this collection are those devoted to the Vanderbilt Agrarians. Bradford—a student of Donald Davidson and John Crowe Ransom—has done much in this volume to put these important thinkers into a sensible and accurate perspective. *Southern Partisan* readers are already familiar with some of the arguments he offers, but by no means with all of them; and his essay on the current application of Agrarianism to practical politics ("The Lasting Lesson of Southern Politics") contains some surprising words of wisdom from a man who has, from time to time, spent his energies in the cockpit of partisan politics, having held, for a term, the post of state committeeman in the Texas Democratic Party.

I'm not sure that his essay on the National Endowments belongs in this collection, both because of its subject matter and its uncharacteristically equivocal stance. (The government should not be in the business of subsidizing the arts and humanities, and Bradford should have said so without shilly-shallying.) But if this piece is a little out of place it is more than compensated for by "The Lincoln Legacy: A Long View," perhaps the most scholarly catalogue of Abraham Lincoln's shortcomings ever compiled. No mindless apologist for Lincoln—nay, not even Carl Sandberg—could read this indictment without a twinge of conscience and a quick appeal to memory for that list of rationalizations by which historians have been able to keep the Lincoln myth alive.

For essays like this one, Bradford has been condemned to the realm of outer darkness by the academic establishment. He has been denied advancement in his profession, passed over for professional honors he has earned, confined to small regional institutions, and even at one of these, dismissed from his post—all because he defended the South and its cultural heritage. That this heritage is also the legitimate legacy of all Americans is now becoming clearer and clearer as the nation awakes from its long ideological sleep. Bradford is in part responsible for this awakening, and some day he may come into his own as a political thinker for all climates, all seasons. In the meantime, Southerners must make a special effort to cherish him. For if we don't, assuredly no one else will. ☆

L. W. May is a Texan and philosopher - under ordinary circumstances, mutually exclusive categories.



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Observations of a Southern Conservative

M.E. Bradford

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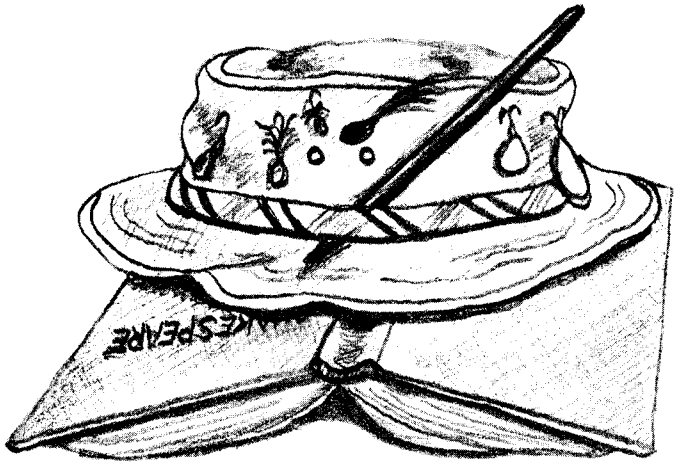
Are the worlds of the sportsman and the academic mutually exclusive? Matthew Sandel doesn't think so and he gives us ample evidence from the life of one of the South's premier authors, Havilah Babcock, and two recent re-releases, MY HEALTH IS BETTER IN NOVEMBER and TALES OF QUAILS 'N SUCH, published by the University of South Carolina Press (1985).



HOMER *of the* GOOD OL' BOYS

By Matthew Sandel

Thirty-five years ago readers of *Field and Stream, Outdoor Life*, and *Sports Afield* would hang around the newsstands near the first of the month, hoping that another Havilah Babcock story would surface in one of the publications. More often than not their frantic patience would be rewarded, for Babcock was a prolific spinner of tales, as these volumes indicate; and during his lifetime he published three additional collections.

Most of Babcock's fans were sportsmen—leathery-skinned, lantern-jawed fanatics who spent all of their weekends and vacations tromping through fields or squatting in boats, their spirits only alive in those magic moments when they were out under sheer sky catching or killing something. Babcock fans didn't like to do sissy things like read poetry or historical fiction. They didn't go to concerts, operas, plays or even to foreign movies. Furthermore, the women they married were either patient, submissive types used to sitting at home alone or else they were ex-wives. No Babcock fan messed around with the effeminate trapping of an overly refined society—and God knows they never suspected that their hero did.

But during those years Havilah Babcock was living a double life. He was not, as most of his readers suspected, a wrinkled old yarn-spinner who ran a rifle range or a bait shop. He was someone entirely different, a creature known by Good Old Boys to be perverse and weak-willed, an anomaly in the world of sport—an English professor and academic bureaucrat, someone who not only read Shakespeare but *taught* his works to pink-skinned students wearing thick glasses or even skirts.

In fact, Babcock was for many years chairman of the English department at the University of South Carolina, and to see him plodding around the halls of academia you would never have believed that he was the Homer of the Good Old Boys. He wore rimless glasses, had a pensive look on his face and seemed disarmingly professorial. On occasion he even delivered papers at professional meetings, where I met him once and talked to him, first about structural linguistics and then about bass fishing in fresh-water marshes. His remarks on the former subject were sober and perfunctory, but when the conversation turned to fishing his eyes lit up. I remember noting as he walked away that he was deeply tanned and moved with an energy and grace missing in the rest of us there. He was *among* us but not precisely *of* us.

And the same might be said of these stories. They appeared in *Field and Stream*, but they were not *of* that magazine. They were, in fact, considerably better than editor Dave Newell got from other contributors, better than he probably needed or deserved. For Babcock's prose survives as a thing of beauty, even after thirty-five years. In his hands the language was a subtle weapon, a verbal fly-rod, which he used effortlessly to move from light irony to lyric intensity to subtle pathos. Indeed the more you read these selections the more you realize how right the Good Old Boys were to value his contributions and how little they understood the literary sophistication that went into the easy grace of his narratives.

You can't go to a page without rejoicing in the mixture of colloquialism and brittle expository prose, of folk lore and book learning. Passage after passage exemplifies the extraordinary learning that Babcock brought to his work and the infinite complexity of what seems to be so simple and so direct.

His narratives and homilies are filled with references to the Bible, classical literature, English poetry, philosophy, history, and constitutional law; yet few of the Good Old Boys ever caught him sneaking in such erudition. He managed them as easily as he managed a bream on a light pole. Note this paragraph on the raising of hunting dogs:

In the meanwhile, the imp of the perverse seemed

to hit her four promising litter mates. For the puppy raiser, misfortune never comes single-handed but in batallions. A vicious mare kicked one of the four into Valhalla. Another threw down the gauntlet to a rattlesnake and lost. The third yielded up his ghost to a passing truck, and the fourth proved to be as wild as an Afghan and totally unmanageable. It looked as if I had nothing for all my pains. With the hunting season in the offing, I had nothing to hunt with but a rheumatic, wart-covered old dame with one foot in the grave.

What Good Old Boy could have realized how precisely, how pendantically this passage is punctuated? And who among them would have identified the references to Poe, Norse mythology, medieval chivalry, and middle-eastern history, all embedded in this morbid account of the death of puppies? A few of Babcock's readers, perhaps, but very few, I would wager.

Not that Babcock disguised his profession. He simply wore it loosely and unbuttoned, as if he took no particular note of it. Indeed on occasion he would acknowledge it, if only to poke fun at himself and thereby get his narrative on the move:

I was lying contentedly in my barrel-stave hammock perusing the Sayings of Epictetus, *hoping therefrom to pick up a scrap of culture to show off in class, when Alice ambled up with a jar of wrigglers from her camellia bed. A wriggler is a prime panfish bait anyway, but a wriggler extracted from a camellia bed, either because of its pampered existence or the acidity of the soil, is the most fetching and flavorsome of all earthworms. My resolutions towards self-improvement straightway went a-glimmering and I went a-bluegilling.*

Note the mock-epic quality in the opening of the passage, the exaggerated loftiness of the language when he is talking about his reading, the blatant implication that all college professors are doing little more than showing off, while bluegill fishermen are doing something considerably more serious and important. It was a stance that Babcock maintained throughout his career both as writer and as teacher, and his colleagues never knew when to take him seriously. (He once told a friend of mine that any man who wrote poetry after the age of twenty-five was effeminate.) He obviously enjoyed the double life he led.

Yet Babcock was not always playing word games or infusing his narratives with hidden allusions. More often than not he was giving excellent advice on the subject of fishing and hunting, instruction born of a lifetime of outdoor activity and a keen and retentive mind. In the following passage, which tells the reader how to fish with a top-water plug, Babcock makes the language do what few if any "technical writers" can do today: chronicle in clear and precise prose the steps necessary in a subtle process.

But your old top-water hand proceeds leisurely. Having diagnosed the immediate area and selected his target, he smartly flips the plug into a graceful arc. He has aimed at a spot a few feet beyond *where he wishes to deposit his offering. Just before the plug reaches the farther spot, he deftly thumbs the line, making it fall lightly to the surface.*

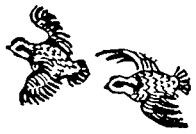
Does he immediately begin to reel it back in? Not on your tintype. Not if he's after the real voters. He knows that the impact is likely to startle a lurking bigmouth, but that his curiosity and insatiable gut will bring him back. So he lets it lie motionless. He lights his pipe. He admires the landscape. He shifts his weight to a more comfortable position. Mayhap he ponders life's imponderables for a moment.

Then with a twitch of the rod-tip, he injects a little life into the tiny wooden ambassador. Not much. An injured minnow has got to act injured. It darts forward a foot, rolls over and decides to give up the ghost. It braces up a bit, darts frantically forward two or three feet, and repeats its death agonies—exactly as does a live wounded minnow.

There are scores of instructive passages like this one in these books, as well as narratives that are by turns poignant and hilarious, light and meditative. There are lots of stories here about dogs and quail, because Babcock was partial to both; but in addition he is probably the most skillful and detailed chronicler of the art of fishing since Izaac Walton—and I'm about three-fourths serious in saying that. For he brings to the sport the same kind of literary skill and formal education that Walton did, as well as the practical experience that only years and years in the field could supply.

No one who lives the outdoor life and loves good English prose should be without Babcock. His books are the life's legacy of a man who lived in two worlds, relishing both, succeeding in both, and taking from both everything he needed to create these marvelous stories and essays. When he died he undoubtedly broke the heart of literally thousands and thousands of Good Old Boys. Or else—never having gotten the word—they still hang around the corner newsstand near the end of the month, waiting for *Field and Stream*, wondering when the editors are going to run another piece by that Babcock fellow, who was, by God, always down-to-earth and straight-forward, not like all the phonies, the high-falutin' literary types they publish these days. ☆

Matthew Sandel, a regular *Partisan* critic, is still waiting for his novel to win the Nobel Prize.



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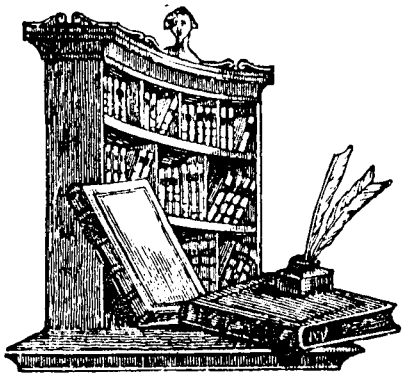

Thomas Dixon, author of *The Clansman (the book on which The Birth of a Nation* was based) was a writer, preacher, screen playwright, and director. A passionate defender of the South, his account of Reconstruction is as vivid a reminder of that systematic treachery as any ever written.

Among other things, Dixon tells of how he went to a Southern-born president, Woodrow Wilson, to get help in bringing *The Birth of a Nation* to the public and how the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court confided to him in a whisper that he himself had served in the Ku Klux Klan when it was an underground organization dedicated to driving the carpetbaggers from the region.

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A review of **LEE AND GRANT: A DUAL BIOGRAPHY**
by Gene Smith (New York: McGraw-Hill, 412 pp.)

By William M. Vatavuk

LEE & GRANT
A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

"Like snarling pit bulls, they faced each other across the Rapidan River...in the spring of 1864. One year later, they would face each other again, in the parlor of Wilmer McLean's home in Appomattox Court House, Virginia."

After three years of persistent fighting throughout the South, parts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and elsewhere, the fate of the Confederate nation rested on the outcome of the clash between two great generals: Robert E. Lee, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Ulysses S. Grant, Commander of the Army of the Potomac. Like snarling pit bulls, they faced each other across the Rapidan River, some fifty miles south of Washington, D.C., in the spring of 1864. One year later, they would face each other again, in the parlor of Wilmer McLean's home in Appomattox Court House, Virginia.

Consider Grant. From a modest background, he entered West Point mainly because it afforded an escape from the drudgery of his father's tanning business. After graduation he had various assignments as a supply officer, including a tour in the Mexican War, where he distinguished himself at the battle of Mexico City. But a combination of bad luck, loneliness for his family, and a drinking problem led to his forced resignation in 1854. Afterwards, he kicked around St. Louis, taking odd jobs.

After the beginning of the War, Illinois Governor Yates gave him the command of the 21st Illinois Volunteers. These men, including John Rawlins (who would serve as his chief of staff throughout the War), Grant led to victories at Shiloh, Fort Donelson, and finally, Vicksburg. As a reward for these smashing successes, Grant was appointed Lieutenant General and Commander-in-Chief of all Union armies.

He had his work cut out for him, however. The man he had to beat had, like his father, the legendary "Light Horse Harry" Lee, "sprung from the womb a warrior." During the war in Mexico, Lee had served with bravery and distinction as staff officer to General Winfield Scott. When Colonel Lee returned to Arlington, he was given a hero's welcome. Yet Lee, whose devotion to duty was legendary, had suffered deeply from being separated from his family. Thus, he was happy to be appointed commandant of West Point, for his large family could accompany him. His next assignment to a cavalry regiment in remote Texas, however, was by contrast especially trying.

When his father-in-law died in 1857, Lee requested a long leave of absence to settle the complex estate—and to re-evaluate his life. For a time he considered leaving the service, but when John Brown terrorized Harpers Ferry, Virginia, Lee led the marine contingent that captured the fanatic and his nefarious band. After a few months of peace came Sumter's fall, Virginia's secession and Scott's offer to command all Union armies in the field. Lee agonized over the decision for days, torn between his loyalty to the army and his love for his native state. Virginia won out. After receiving a general's commission in the C.S.A. and serving a year in lackluster assignments, he succeeded the wounded Johnston to command the Richmond defense army in the spring of 1862.

Of course, neither Grant nor Lee faded away after Appomattox. Lee went on to serve as President of tiny Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) in Lexington, Virginia—a job, by the way, he enjoyed much more than his service in either army. He died in 1870, at peace with his God, his countrymen, and himself.

Meanwhile, Grant ascended to a loftier presidency (the nation's), but his stewardship was far less enobling, either to the office or to himself. His eight years in the White House were tainted by corruption of every stripe. Out of office, Grant was soon out of money, thanks to an associate's swindling. Yet again, he picked himself up, and, with Mark Twain's financial support, began his *Memoirs*.

Such are the facts that Gene Smith gives us, facts that may be found in most other biographies. What sets Smith's apart is his clear, relaxed style that is, at the same time, readable and literate. Award-winning biographer of Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover, Smith weaves the major events of his subjects' lives together so flawlessly that we often get the impression that we are reading *one* biography, not two. ☆

Mr. Vatavuk of Durham, North Carolina, is a Southerner by choice rather than nativity.

You can't separate the culinary tradition of a people from the rest of their past. Margaret-Ann Trimble shows us how the two blend together in her review of ROSE P. RAVENEL'S COOKBOOK: CHARLESTON RECOLLECTIONS AND RECEIPTS, edited and published in Charleston, S.C. by Elizabeth R. Harrigan.

Charleston Cooking

By Margaret-Ann Trimble

With a lust for information about our ancestors, their lives and times, Southerners are prone to spend a great deal of time perusing old letters, moth-eaten volumes of poetry, and yellowed recipe collections. Oftentimes our passion for the past becomes so great that we publish the wanderings of our forebears for the enjoyment of fellow Southerners. Such is the case with *Rose P. Ravenel's Cookbook: Charleston Recollections and Receipts*, edited by Miss Ravenel's great niece Elizabeth R. Harrigan.

The book consists of accounts of everyday life in Charleston before and during the War Between the States, pencil and charcoal sketches executed by Miss Ravenel, photographs of the architecture of the time, and antique recipes translated to modern language.

Miss Ravenel's account of the winter of 1865 is especially poignant. It is the story of the surrender of Charleston, told through the eyes of an ill child, and later in another chapter it is seen through the eyes of a slave who was left behind on the plantation. The author recounts watching shells falling on James Island from her bedroom, being comforted by the sounds of the heavy guns from the forts, yet chilled by the more intimate sound of the guns of the infantry.

Another passage, entitled, "The Shelling of the City," gives an eyewitness account of the city during the winter of 1864. Young Rose and brother Pringle walked through the streets of Charleston, which she briefly describes to the reader. With a mention of the earthworks in Meeting Street which ran from Lightwood Alley to the Battery, and the grass and weeds growing in the deserted streets, she paints the picture of a war-torn city waiting for an end to the destruction.

Throughout, Rose tells of everyday life, often through the eyes of a child. From the making of paper and envelopes which were turned when possible to be used again, to the making of myrtleberry candles, which were lighted with tapers made of lard and dried rushes, Miss Ravenel brings old Charleston alive.

"When Mamma wanted hair pins a Negro boy was sent down the avenue to climb a tree and gather locust thorns. On these thorns were stamped seals—seals fashioned of wax in many colors. The thorns were thought to be very pretty in one's hair."

Of particular interest is Rose's account of shopping after the War. Rose's mama reminded her again and again to shop only in those stores where the owners' War records were good. In many cases that was fine, but not all. One store was owned by Mr. A. W. Jager, who was a Confederate with an outstanding War record. However, his merchandise was not first quality. The author purchased ribbon for a party dress and silk thread from him one day. Both were rotten. When Rose told her mother about the rotten thread and ribbon, she said, "It is impossible. His War record is too good for it to be rotten," and suggested that young Rose had sat in an east wind—a sure thing for rotting silk thread.

The last chapter of the book, "From the Ravenel Records" demonstrates all too clearly how delicate was the balance between life and death during the nineteenth century. Of eleven children born to William and Eliza Ravenel, only six reached majority and only five saw old age. The last three children born to the Ravenels died before their second birthday.

More than anything, however, *Rose P. Ravenel's Cookbook: Charleston Recollections and Receipts* is a cookbook. While some of the recipes are everyday foods, many are quite unusual and very tasty. The recipes were kitchen tested and translated from the archaic language of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

One of the more beguiling treats is Molasses Candy. Rice in the hull was put on a shuffle, where it expanded and popped. It was then dropped into the molasses candy which is similar to taffy with a slight lemon flavor mixed with the molasses.

Intriguing and quite good is Braised Lettuce. A head of lettuce is simmered for five minutes and then baked in a slow oven. "When cooked almost to a jelly, flavor with salt and pepper and serve," advises the recipe.

One of the more unusual is Iced Apples. Fresh apples are peeled, cored and stewed. Once cooled, the center of the apple is filled with currant jelly after which the apple is iced like a cake. It is eaten with milk, cream or custard.

Finishing up and rounding out the book, there is a chapter on Pickles, Candies, and Marmalade. It includes standard Southern pickles and relishes as well as such wonders as Groundnut Cakes.

Overall, *Rose P. Ravenel's Cookbook* gives us a picture of Charleston from a different perspective, a personal picture full of old grace and charm. The sketches and photographs complement the book, and the recipes are quite good. ☆

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Margaret-Ann Trimble, former editor of a city magazine, now writes free lance and sells real estate in Columbia, South Carolina.

BOCEPHUS

LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE SINGERS

By David R. Gillespie

This past spring marked a milestone in the career of Randall Hank Williams, Jr. We saw the release of his fiftieth album, entitled appropriately, "FIVE-O." Not an unimpressive feat for the thirty-six year old singer/song writer. It's been a long, rough road since the release of that first MGM album, "Hank Williams, Jr. Sings Songs of Hank Williams." That arduous journey has been chronicled for us by "Rockin' Randal" in his autobiography *Living Proof* (see also the TV movie by the same name). And there's no need to rehash it here.

Rock music's obsession with sex and violence (witness Prince, The Time, Madonna, and Lauper—and the extreme AC-DC) has had an effect on country. In this new wave, Nashville has been losing its distinctiveness. What comes off 16th Avenue is now more "pop" than anything else.

But down in Cullman, Alabama, Hank Williams, Jr. has been experiencing year after year of growth in popularity, not only among the good ole boys who drive their pick-ups through the woods, but also among the new breed of Southerners proud of who they are and where they're from.

Why? Even among country stars, he stands apart as perhaps the last of the singers/lyricists who make a case for the Confederate way of life. It is a misnomer to call country music (generically considered) the music of the South. Traditionally, country music has concerned itself according to David Allen Coe with rain, trains, drinking, prison, love gone bad, and mothers. Even the nostalgia of Randy Owen and Alabama is not *distinctly* Southern. Neither is the Southern Rock of the Allman Brothers. They are all country, to be sure. However, what is said can be said of any portion of rural America.

Hank (we ain't gonna call Hank, Jr. Junior no more!) is different. His music is Southern—Confederate. It portrays the values, ideals and way of life associated with the Old South...State's Rights, individual rights, an abiding love of the land, a distrust of big business (the way of Nashville) and the myth and destructiveness of the American Dream.

Hank's Southernness, unfortunately, is missing from "FIVE-O." At least, it's not as clear as in the eleven immediate predecessors. Still, this new recording has moved fast on the charts, debuting at 21 and quickly moving up to the number one spot. And the first single released off the album, "I'm For Love," went hurriedly to the top of Billboard's Country Singles Chart.

"FIVE-O" is really an innocuous recording, with several songs not written by Hank (an unusual lapse in purity of creation).

The best pick on Side One is "The Nashville Scene," written by Hank. The sound is unmistakably his and in the lyrics, Hank takes to task the Nashville establishment and society—the destruction it brings to people's lives.

> *The streets are lined with tourists, and the record company's fluid...there's a wino on the corner...he was a well-known guitar picker, 'till he got burned out by the game. Now he'll bum you for some whiskey and tell you how it was back in '52 when he played for Hank.*

Side Two has two songs which strike the listener as distinctive, one penned by Bocephus, the other not. "Lawyers, Guns and Money," by Zevon, is good. The sound is heavy (not unlike many of the "Man Of Steel" cuts). The other, written by Hank, is essentially his *gospel* music—"Outlaw's Reward."

But if you want to hear Hank's *Confederate* music, you must go back. Take, for example, his "Greatest Hits" album. Drawing from previous releases, this collection is distinctly Southern. "Dixie On My Mind," for instance. In that one, Hank's broke in the Big Apple and can't leave. This causes him to reflect on city versus Southern. They don't play "Dixie" on radio station sign offs, nobody sips Jack Daniels, and he misses the "freedom of the rivers and the pines." The Northerners are all in a hurry, oblivious to their impersonal surroundings, and yet impersonal themselves.

These people never smile or say a word. They're all too busy tryin' to make an extra dime. I'd love to haul 'em all down around Spartanburg, and show 'em how to raise hell in Caroline.

His conclusion: *If this is the promised land, I've had all I can stand.*

Or witness "The American Dream." Using the sports arena as his take off, Hank shows the futility of chasing the elusive American Dream (which seems to be seen these days as simple greed). Even religion has been seduced:

Now there are some preachers on TV, with a suit and a tie and a vest. They want you to send your money to the Lord, but they give you their address.

Perhaps the most Confederate song of all is "A Country Boy Can Survive." The music is haunting, defiant, and proud. The lyrics reflect a Southern world view—pride in who we are, self-sufficiency, living off the land. We find an indictment of Yankee (read Big City) ways in his tale of his friend from New York. Hank's granddaddy taught him to live off the land, his friends taught him to be a business man. Who leads the better life? Well...

He (the New York friend) *was killed by a man with a switchblade knife. For forty-three dollars my friend lost his life.*

There is also a call for justice (Southern style—repeated in "Mr. Lincoln" off his "Major Moves" album).

I'd love to spit some Beech-Nut in that dude's eye and shoot him with my ol' forty-five.

The basic message in this, and other Confederate songs, is that we don't give a damn if you agree with us, just leave us the hell alone! See here also "The American Way" from the "Habits: Old And New" album.

If you don't like my Nudie boots, I'm sorry about that. Don't make fun of my hat, boy! You might get knocked flat.

The beginning of this particular song is very clear in its comparison of North and South:

If you fly in from Birmingham, you'll get the last gate. If you come in from Boston, oh, you sure won't have to wait...I see that I don't get much help when they see my blue jeans, some slick with a suit walks up, "Oh, can I help you, please?"

A look at the music of Hank Williams, Jr. would be incomplete without a glance at two other aspects: love and his life. There are two songs that stand out as *great* love songs. The first is "Queen of My Heart" from the "Man of Steel" album. While the music and lyrics are not obviously Southern, the video was for sure. The setting was Old South, a plantation, a horse and buggy, a beautiful woman in a hoop skirt. The other is "The Blues Man," from "Habits: Old And New." Hank's idea of love clearly is embodied in the form of a Southern girl.

When it comes to autobiography, Hank's Confederate sensibilities are even more evident. Take, for example, "Dinosaur" from the "Habits" collection:

Hey, man, them ain't high heel sneakers. And they sure don't look like cowboy boots. And that ain't rock and roll you're playing. And it sure don't sound like Rhythm and Blues. You're singing a song about makin' love to your drummer. Well, gay guitar pickers don't turn me on. And we don't all get into Donna Summer. Do you happen to know any ole Hank Williams songs? Cause ya see, I'm a dinosaur. Should of died out a long time ago.

Or listen to "Whole Lot of Hank" off the "Strong Stuff" album:

I'm an outlaw from the South...got country in my mouth. And I'm lookin' for good lovin' all the time. There's Rebel in these bones and Jim Beam in a lot of these songs. There's a little bit of Cherokee in my eyes. And a whole lot of Hank in all these songs of mine.

That's Hank Williams, Jr.

There is no better song with which to end than a cut off the "High Notes" album. It sums up what this review has been trying to say:

If Heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I don't wanna go. If Heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I'd just as soon stay home. If they don't have a Grand Ole Opry, like they do in Tennessee, then send me to hell or New York City, it'd be about the same to me.

Hank is to his bones a Confederate—a Southerner, keenly aware of his roots. His music reflects this. One can only wish him many more years of success and hope that, despite a slight deviation in "FIVE-O," he will continue to sing songs about our land.★

David Gillespie serves on the editorial staff of the *Southern Partisan* and is a closet member of the Hank Williams, Jr. fan club.

PARTISAN
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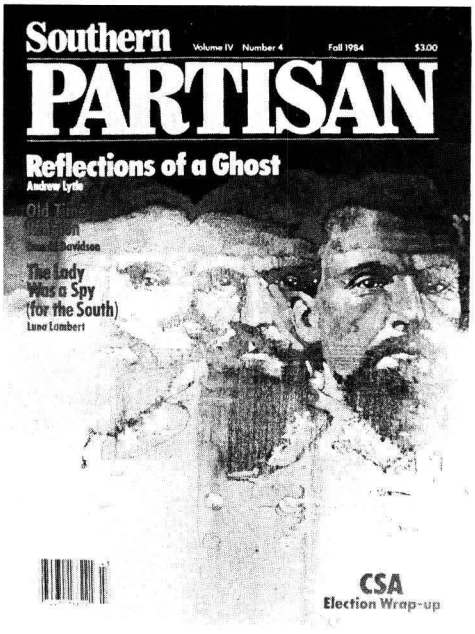

These photographs were taken of actual magazine covers. The Collectible prints will be approximately 20% larger than the original covers. They will be in full color, *with all printing, except the masthead, omitted.*

Every time a new issue of the **Southern Partisan** goes out, we get letters and phone calls asking if the cover is available as a separate work of art. In response to these numerous requests, Randall McKissick --nationally acclaimed artist-- has agreed to issue two if his finest **Southern Partisan** covers as 12" x 14" prints (approximately 20% larger than the covers' actual size) suitable for framing.

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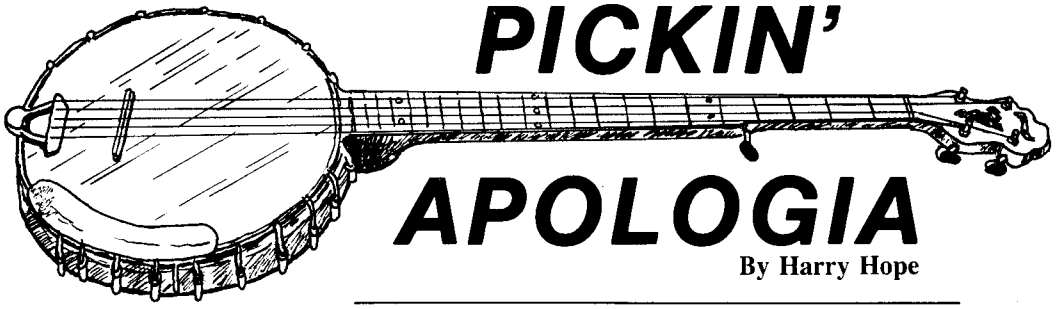

PICKIN' APOLOGIA

By Harry Hope

A review of **"STRICKLY INSTRUMENTAL"** (Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs with Doc Watson) CBS Special Products, P 17700, and, **"REFLECTIONS"** (Chet Atkins with Doc Watson) RCA Records, AHL 1-3701.

"Picking, no matter how fast or how slow, no matter how lively or doleful, is a contemplative act with its own set rules and its own demands upon the performer's instincts."

Ok, so these are not brand new records. They've been out a while. But they're both so fine, it makes you wonder: Does anyone ever *pick* anymore? Does anyone ever gather on a front porch or at a gas station or even in a recording studio and just *pick* for the pure pleasure of it?

Kenny Rogers may croon his heart out, Barbara Mandrell might coo and warble, and Conway and a whole bunch of old boys might growl, but that's what passes for country music in late 20th Century America—the stuff you hear in the saloons and on the radio and even—*Hank, Sr., save us all*—from people in tuxedos lip-synching on glimmering stages on the TV, for crying out loud.

Picking (a term which loosely applies to fiddles and guitars as well as banjos and dobros) is the *ne plus ultra* of the country musician's art and craft. It has its equivalent in the Bach fugue or the Beethoven string quartet, in the chessmaster's supreme gambit, in the gymnast's magic on the uneven parallel bars. Picking, no matter how fast or how slow, no matter how lively or doleful, is a contemplative act with its own set rules and its own demands upon the performer's instincts. When well done, picking is a thing of beauty and a joy to the ear.

The art of picking, though, seems lost in country's new-found glitter. It's just not sexy enough—sexy in the sense of putting across a great camera shot. "There just doesn't seem to be anything going on," the director says.

"I mean there's one fella hunkered down over his banjo, while the guy on fiddle seems transfixed by his bow, the guitar player just isn't moving at all, and that dobro, they call it, why the man's playing it sideways and just sliding this thingamabob across the strings. Who's gonna *watch* this stuff, anyhow?"

Who, indeed, wants to watch when they can listen? The late conductor Arturo Toscanini once proposed putting a kind of curtain in front of the orchestra so the audience wouldn't be distracted by anything the players or conductor did during a concert. All the audience had to do was listen to the music.

The same principle might apply to picking.

Among pickers, Doc Watson, the blind guitarist from Deep Gap, North Carolina, is one of the still reigning princes. On stage and in recordings such as *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* he comes across as an unfailingly friendly man who shares rapport with his listeners. Doc usually performs with his son Merle, but has been known to cut a record or two with a wide variety of other performers, pickers and singers alike. There are two albums, however, which Doc recorded some time ago, which need to be rescued from oblivion, listened to, and cherished.

Doc, Lester and Earl (with Charlie McCoy, Buck Graves, Paul Warren and a few others) recorded *Strictly Instrumental* nineteen years ago at the old Columbia Studio on 16th Avenue South in Nashville. The album has recently been re-released by CBS Special Products, and it's about time.

The liner notes bill this as a "summit meeting of folk and country music." *Horseradish!* The magic mention of "folk" was meant to be a selling point in the mid '60s. Like the Edsel, that's no longer needed. This stuff is bright branch water flowing straight out of the Smoky Mountains.

The first cut, "Pick Along," sets the tone for a collection of furiously exact and fleetly moving numbers. The whole first side, with the exception of that noble old tune, "Liberty," are "new" songs, contemporary in the early '60s. "Evelina" is a tribute to the dobro player's wife, and "Tammy's Song" is for Lester's granddaughter. "Jazzing" is just that: a loose, informal set of breaks for everybody.

The second side is where the war-horse tunes are: "John Hardy Was A Desperate Little Man" is an old Carter Family tune. "Lonesome Ruben" is not a happy song. Cast in a series of sinister minor chords, it belies the notion that all Bluegrass instrumentals are blithe and happy and fit for cartoons.

The wispy, light "Spanish Two-Step" is an old Bob Wills tune which follows, and contrasts nicely with "Lonesome Ruben." "Careless Love" is an antique, newly polished and shining. "Bill Cheatham" is a cut-'em-loose and let-'em-fly closing number, and by the time the album has finished, you're astonished to find that none of the selections is over three minutes long. These boys can pack an awful lot of music into a minute and a half.

Chet Atkins grew up not too far from Doc Watson, but the two had never recorded together until 1979. *Reflections* is the result of their happy meeting.

This would seem an unlikely pairing of styles, and if the artists were anybody else, an unlikely mixing of egos. But Chet and Doc do meld, and they seem to have had a lot of fun putting this one together.

Reflections features just two "new" songs, "Me and Chet Made a Record," and "Flatt Did It," a tribute, of course, to Lester. Such old chestnuts as "Dill Pickle," "Old Joe Clark" and "Beaumont Rag" are given fresh renderings from two pickers who heard the songs the way most old pickers first heard them—fresh from the songmakers themselves, or taught them by their fathers, or by straining ears over the static to listen to some faraway radio station.

At times, *Reflections* seems to be one long medley, so skillfully do Doc's acoustic and Chet's electric slide together. "Tennessee Rag" is paired with "Beaumont Rag," "Texas Gales" with "Old Joe Clark," and "Black and White" with "Ragtime Annie." Oh, yes, some singing goes with this picking: Especially enjoyable are the aforementioned "Me and Chet Made a Record," and "Don't Monkey 'Round My Widder When I'm Gone," wherein the soon-to-be-deceased warns the prospective suitors of the soon-to-be-widowed that "some dark night...I'll scare the hell outta you" if they come a-courting.

The album ends, appropriately enough, with an old gospel song, "I'm On My Way to Canaan's Land," which a ten-year-old Chet Atkins first heard at the Copper Ridge Holiness Church in Luttrell, Tennessee. "I think it's kind of traditional to mention friends' names in the lyrics," Chet says, and so they do: If Minnie or Porter or Dolly or Hank, Jr. don't want to go to Canaan's land, it won't hinder Chet and Doc.

There are perhaps no two finer commercial albums to give you an idea of fine picking. If all these people and their families could start getting good fat checks from albums such as these, then you, the listener, will have done your part in nurturing a sadly fading and fragile piece of the Southern soul.

Turn in those Kenny Rogers bubble gum cards and buckle down to the real stuff. You won't regret it. This is music which endures. ☆

Editor's Note: As we go to press, word comes that Merle Watson (Doc's son and playing companion) was killed in a farming accident near his home.

We'll miss him.

Harry Hope, a reformed magazine editor, listens to real country music in the Cloud's Creek area of Saluda County, South Carolina.

BOOKNOTES

Cold Sassy Tree

Olive Ann Burns. Ticknor Fields. 391 pp. $16.95.

Olive Ann Burns' *Cold Sassy Tree* has a young person as a central character—Will Tweedy. Will tells the story of his life, a life where his Grandpa Blakeslee looms large, in Cold Sassy, a town Burns has created based on stories her father told of life in Commerce, Georgia, around the turn of the century. Will Tweedy is twenty-three as he remembers for the reader the events of the summer of 1906 when he was fourteen. These eight years help explain the narrative smoothness and Will's insight, though most of the time he is thoroughly cloaked in his fourteen-year-old persona. And most of the time we are more interested in his stories than in his awakening fourteen-year-old self, so that it is not Will Tweedy as a character that is significant, but rather the fine clarity of his vision as he observes the little world around him.

Grandpa is interesting to watch. When his first wife, Will's grandmother, dies, Grandpa has Will pick hundreds of rose buds from her garden. Then he sets to work: "First he took a square of Brown Mule out of his pocket, bit off a plug, and settled it in his left cheek. Then he leaned his chair back against the porch wall and got to work. While I trimmed off the lower leaves and thorns, Grandpa took a big split-open croker sack and poked each rose stem into the loose burlap, weaving it in and out, then in again, like a pin being stuck into cloth. In no time at all he had him a solid blanket of roses." Grandpa makes enough rose blankets to line the grave and to pillow his wife's head, proving to Will Tweedy, for a time at least, that "Grandpa's eloping wasn't a matter of him not loving Granny or not respecting the dead. He just needed a cheap cook."

Cold Sassy Tree is lively and cheerful and has a lot of good stories in it, good stories in the sense of the good Southern story, the tale that starts with the expected and familiar—tradition, family, innocence—and moves along twisting and turning, ending back where it started but with a sense that the journey was important. But the lighter moments in the book are but camouflage for the real subject, and the real subject is death. (The author began this book to give herself something else to think about when she was told that she would develop lymphoma or leukemia, and in this fact might be found one explanation for how this book came to be, as Burns' husband has said, "A funny book about death.")

—Donna Maddock-Cowart

Breaking With Moscow

Arkady N. Shevchenko. Alfred E. Knopf, Inc: New York. 378 pp. $18.95.

In that secret, tightly-controlled society of the Soviet Union, Arkady Shevchenko seemed to have it all. He was a high-ranking Soviet diplomat; he had all the finances and privileges of the Soviet elite; he was viewed in the Kremlin as a rising star ascending to power; and he had been assigned the choice post of ambassador to the United Nations, where he had been picked as Under-Secretary General.

Arkady Shevchenko lacked only one thing—freedom.

It was this desire for liberty, combined with a growing disenchantment with the corruption and deceit of the Soviet bureaucracy which led Arkady Shevchenko to defect to the United States in 1978—the highest-ranking Soviet official to ever come over to the Western side.

Shevchenko explained his reasons for defecting in an in-depth interview in the Winter 1984 Issue of the *Southern Partisan*. What he had agreed *not* to publicly reveal until publication of his memoirs was the fact that he served the United States as a key espionage agent for years before his defection. Now his full story is told in *Breaking With Moscow*.

Arkady Shevchenko candidly admits his official duplicity as a Soviet diplomat and is honest about his personal mistakes. Such candor gives his story increased credibility—an important characteristic in a book that reveals the inner workings and secret strategy of the Soviet Union's governing elite.

Here are some of Shevchenko's frankest revelations:

On The Soviet Leaders: "The Kremlin was the last place on earth where one might expect directness, honesty, and openness. The falsity of these men was everywhere, from their personal lives to their grand political designs. I watched them playing with detente. I saw them building unprecedented military strength, obviously far beyond the needs of defense and security, at the expense of the Soviet people. I heard them express, with cynical jokes, their willingness to suppress freedom among their allies."

On Arms Agreements: "The Soviet military's reaction was to say go ahead and sign the convention, without international controls, who would know anyway? They refused to consider eliminating their stockpiles and insisted upon further development of these weapons. The Politburo approved this approach."

On The KGB: "Top espionage agents maintained a large presence in New York, particularly in the U.N. Secretariat...A job in the Secretariat had a special advantage...Soviet nationals connected to the U.N. could travel freely in the United States without having to notify U.S. authorities of their schedules or itineraries...Out of twenty-eight men in my section in 1968, twenty-one were KGB or GRU agents.."

On Detente: "Detente was a useful means of buying time for the Soviet Union. Moscow knows it can not immediately subjugate the world and directly govern the people on the earth. Although the Kremlin is committed to the ultimate vision of a world under its control, the leaders are realistic enough to understand that at the present time this is impossible...But they are patient and take the long view. They wait and work toward a clear goal."

Arkady Shevchenko, who has been sentenced to death by the Soviet government, has courageously raised the curtain cloaking the Soviet strategy—and the truth he has revealed is frightening. This is probably the most important secular book of our decade.

—Rod Gragg

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

●**FROM MANASSAS TO APPOMATTOX: MEMOIRS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA,** ***by James Longstreet (690 pp. Blue and Gray Press. $12.95)*** General James Longstreet was a principal Confederate military leader, prominent in key actions in the Eastern and Western theaters of the war, and he was one of the Confederacy's most controversial figures. Those characteristics have made Longstreet's memoirs among the most coveted of recollections among collectors of books about the war. A first edition copy of Longstreet's memoirs might easily carry a price tag of $60.00, but now students of the War Between the States can enjoy Longstreet's memories for $12.95—thanks to this new reprint.

Published by Blue and Gray Press (110 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, N.J. 07094), this new edition is the full text of Longstreet's memoirs, reproduced from negatives of the original work. It is among the best of memoirs about the War. Longstreet opposed Lee's 1863 invasion of Pennsylvania, urging instead concentration of Confederate armies in the West to save Vicksburg, and he opposed Lee's offensive at Gettysburg, arguing that defensive tactics would produce a victory. Was he correct? Did his reluctance damage Lee's offensive at Gettysburg? Historians and students of the War have argued about those questions for more than a century. Now, thanks to Blue and Gray Press, they have fresh stimulus to argue some more.

●**THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA AND THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN,** ***by William Key (96 pp. Peachtree Publishers. $8.95)*** No one who could remember is now alive and few today know the story, but William Key has recorded the terror of an American city under enemy bombardment. The city was Atlanta, Georgia. The time was July, 1864. Atlanta's civilian population was beseiged by General W.T. Sherman's Federal Army and bombarded by a steady barrage of artillery shells. Key's terse record of the battle of Atlanta is most memorable in its record of the siege, which reads today with remarkable similarity to the blitz London endured under Hitler's buzz bombs eighty years later. William Key has preserved Atlanta's story.

●**THE SOUTH REPORTS THE CIVIL WAR,** ***by J.Cutler Andrews (611 pp. University of Pittsburgh Press. $19.95 paper)***

●**THE NORTH REPORTS THE CIVIL WAR,** ***by J. Cutler Andrews (813 pp. University of Pittsburgh Press. $19.95 paper)*** For the first time these classic studies of journalists in the War Between the States are available in paperback editions. The late J. Cutler Andrews was a careful historian with a penchant for detail, a drive for research and an eye for color. His two volumes on the reporting of the War constitute the definitive study of the War in words which waged within the War Between the States.

The South Reports the Civil War covers the press' vision of the War from Fort Sumter to Appomattox. The *Richmond Dispatch*, the *New Orleans Daily Crescent*, the *Wilmington Journal*, the *Charleston Daily Courier*, the *Richmond Examiner*, the *Atlanta Intelligencer* and other leading newspapers of the Confederacy all sought to inform readers, report the war, cover the politics and influence policy. To read this account of the Southern press is to gain an immediate exposure to the diversity of opinion within the Confederacy. In defeat Southerners gained unity of purpose and philosophy, but in wartime, diversity and disagreement were the rule, judging by the contents of Southern newspapers.

The North Reports the Civil War contains spicier copy. Northern newspapers were more numerous, more affluent and better equipped to put reporters in the field than were their Southern counterparts. Northern reporters were aggressive to the point of "treason" according to the Lincoln Administration (which jailed more than a few Northern journalists for reporting the news), and the sensationalism of the Northern press was enough to make even Dan Rather blush. "Telegraph fully all news you can get," one editor instructed his reporters, "and when there is no news send rumor."

The success of Northern reporters apparently depended on their connections. *Chicago Times* reporter Sylvanus Cadwallader was handed repeated exclusives by Grant's staff—after Cadwallader agreed not to report Grant's drunken fall from his horse.

New York Times reporter Henry Wing was less fortunate. When he refused to disclose his report of the Battle of the Wilderness, Lincoln's Secretary of War ordered the reporter executed—and only Lincoln's intervention saved him from being shot at sunrise.

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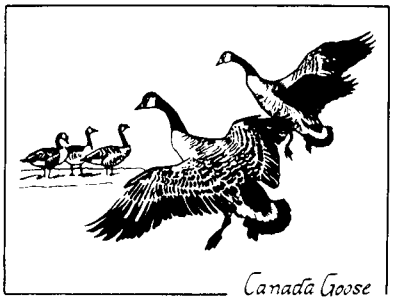

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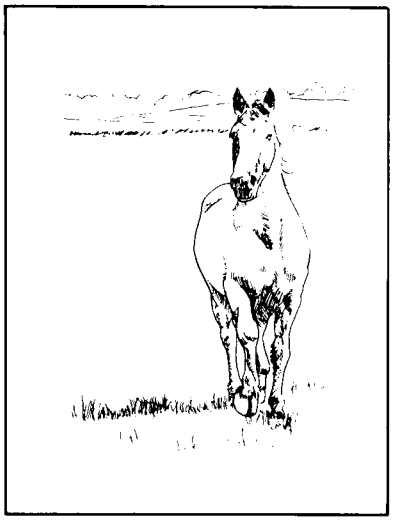

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CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

JOHN HURLEY

DIPLOMATIC RECOGNITION?

Why does the United States Senate take such a long time to come to its senses? Just because the North was humiliated during the War Between the States is certainly no reason for them to continue to harbor resentment for us.

Were we not magnanimous enough to suspend hostilities in 1865 when it become obvious that they could not impose their will upon us? Why do they have to continue to make snide remarks about the South and generally make short shrift of all things Southern?

We were musing about this mean streak in the Senate when one of our number noticed that a bill was moving through the Senate to grant a federal charter to yet another Yankee organization. A quick check of the record revealed that no less than five other Northern organizations had received charters, but not one Southern group had been so recognized. Could this be another manifestation of the anti-Southern Senatorial mean streak?

Well, as it turned out, we were not the only ones who were musing about this lack of evenhandedness. Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama had not only noticed the Northern bill, but had drafted his own bill which would grant a charter to our very own Confederate Memorial Association, which administers Confederate Memorial Hall—our "embassy."

When the Northern bill was considered before the Judiciary Committee, Senator Denton introduced his Southern bill and stated that such Congressional recognition of the Confederate Memorial Association would "represent an important step forward in the preservation of our common American heritage and history."

Well, now you're talkin! Maybe this Senatorial antipathy for the South has finally begun to abate.

But wait! The leader of the mean-streak bloc, Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio, has objected. His face flushed with anger, he points to a line in the documents before him which says that membership in the association is determined by the bylaws.

What bylaws, he roars. Are these not the same Southerners who would stoop to any artifice to illustrate differences among our citizenry so that various segments of our society could be discriminated against! After all, there are federal laws against this.

No, Senator Metzenbaum entoned gravely, this matter must be carefully looked into before any further action should be taken.

Senator Denton proceeded to identify the offending line, and pointed out to Senator Metzenbaum that the line he was referring to was contained in the *Northern* bill, which restricted membership to lineal descendants. The Southern bill had no such restrictions.

Senator Metzenbaum, once again frustrated by the facts, had to content himself with a baleful look at a man in the back row of the hearing room who had snickered.

As consideration of the Confederate Memorial Association bill was undertaken, the truly remarkable thing about this legislation was that Senator Denton managed to get forty original co-sponsors for his bill. Imagine, folks, forty co-sponsors or two-fifths of the entire Senate! The forty members were from all over the country: the North, the West, and even Alaska and Hawaii.

But, alas, some of our Southern senators, ashamed of our heritage, declined the invitation to co-sponsor. Among these were senators from Arkansas, Tennessee and Virginia.

The apostasy of these Southern senators can be rationalized in several ways. Senator Bumpers wants to run for President in 1988. Senator Warner is annoyed by the Southern accents of his constituency. Senator Tribele wants to run for President of the World in the twenty-first century. And, since TVA, Tennessee senators have been so preoccupied with energy sources that they don't know which side of the Styx they're on.

But notwithstanding these defections (or failure to enlist at all), our hats are off to the United States Senate for its action on this bill. This marks the first time since the War Between the States that the South has been so recognized. Maybe the Senate is "the greatest deliberative body in the world" after all!

Now, gentlemen, about this matter of diplomatic recognition...

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THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

UNLIKE POLLY MULLIGAN, I AM NEITHER ODD, NOR QUEER (GOOD HEAVENS!), BUT TO MY EIGHT STRAPPING SONS AND BEAUTEOUS DAUGHTER, I AM INESCAPABLY PECULIAR.

They cannot plumb what severe psychoneurological aberration has conspired to make their father a passionate pursuer of quail. The reward is so obviously incommensurate with the effort. Their father slogs day after day through mucilaginous clay fields, lugging half the state of South Carolina after him as he crashes his way through bullbriars and strangled thickets of grape vine, all for the dubious pleasure of coming home with maybe two, more often just one, or even no, bedraggled partridges. He is moreover persistent in his invitations to his children to partake of this lunacy with him. It is plain that he is suffering from Alzheimer's disease, if indeed the fatuousness of his condition does not indicate a hairline fracture in the skull through which his sanity has leaked.

To which I plead *nolo contendere*. I rate what was once quintessentially the Southern gentleman's avocation just below hunting ruffed grouse, than which there is nothing to compare. But it is one of the sorrows of my life that none of my children could care less for the quail, sufficient relish of which, indeed, they have never experienced.

I bring this up because it is my bet that 20 years hence the rising generation of shooters in these parts will be as little interested in wildfowl. And for similar reasons.

Is your memory sufficiently long in the tooth for you to recall those 40 acre fields with a congregation of bobwhite in each corner and maybe another in the ditch traversing its center? Do you remember the days of the "pea patch covey," the "sawdust pile covey," the "graveyard covey," the "outhouse covey" (not to mention the "cathouse covey")—those fat bevies of little darlings that could be counted upon season after season and on almost every hunt to be at (or near) their appointed place at the same hour of the day? Do you still conjure up in your mind's eye twenty luscious bundles of kinetic concentrate exploding out of a thicket of wild plum to fan out over a broomstraw field, where they drop to await your pleasure? Alas...

My habitat is the sandhills of the Piedmont South. Sadly, my habitat and that of the bobwhite no longer coincide. This country has been given over to pulpwood—to what Havilah Babcock cursed as "the green fungus." The acres that have not been transmogrified into vast sterile plantations of slash and loblolly are "clean farmed" or put to pasture. Which are abominations as bad, from bobwhite's point of view. There are no quail ranges left, properly speaking. Oh, there are pockets. There is the occasional covey that can be stumbled over at twilight on the edges of a bean field. There are harvested pulpwood stands that in their third or fourth year can be worked with some meagre success. But locating even a miserable two coveys in half a day of hard hunting is not easy. I persevere in my typically fruitless trampings because I subsist on memory: of those golden days in the 1940s and early 1950s when five coveys in an afternoon's jaunt and a bag of 15 to 25 birds between two companions was not unusual. Them days is gone, maybe forever.

And so, for all intents and purposes, is inland ducking. The past five years have seen the virtual demise of duck shooting in these parts. Clean farmers and pulpwood companies aren't the villains. To blame is draconian enforcement of laws that have long been on the books but that in less uncivilized times were honored more by the breach than the clout. Wardens, Federal and state, have all but stamped out the immemorial practice of baiting ponds. They are to be congratulated. They are doing their job. But the consequence is that ducks can be shot in the upper regions of the coastal plain only by those who happen to be both wealthy and lucky. The ordinary person has been disinherited as far as wildfowling goes.

I know of half a dozen ponds over which my friends and I, as boys and as young men, used to kill ducks. They are drawn down to sad boggy trickles. Their dams have been permitted to deteriorate. The ditches are choked and the dikes sprout sweet gum and sumac. There are easily another half-dozen ponds where hungry ducks were once wintered and where nesting boxes nailed to tree trunks produced a fresh crop of young every spring, but that are now abandoned. These ponds still impound water, but the boxes have rotted off their rusted fastenings, and there is no-one scattering corn. The ducks are elsewhere.

They are rafted on the big lakes, or skulking under the willows along the banks of our major rivers, or...in the marshes of those (few) lucky (and well-heeled) people who happen to own 15 or 50 or 100 floodable acres that happen to be strategically adjacent to the river courses and in which they don't mind sacrificing annually many thousands of dollars worth of standing corn. That is where you will find the ducks. Oh, there is still baiting going on, you see. If you want the truth. But what in their shattering wisdom the wizards who concoct our wildfowling regulations have contrived is that the only legal baiting is that which can be afforded by a handful of the fortunate rich. That's a fine irony, isn't it? The migratory game laws were conceived in the philosophy that the wildfowl of our country belong equally (more or less) to us all, yet their effect is to preserve ducks and geese for a privileged few.

Don't mistake me. I have nothing at

all against rich folk. Nor do I cavil at the whims of Dame Fortune, who like the Muse, is a sweet whore. I congratulate those who are able to flood duck marshes every fall, and I am grateful to them beyond measure for occasional invitations to share their fun. I wish them joy, long life, and no steel shot. But I don't see what has been gained by the campaign against baiting small inland ponds, except the satisfaction of that punitive moral fervor of which we Americans are always in excessive supply. What makes baiting ducks a sin second only to expectorating in polite company whereas chumming for bluefish acceptable dumbfounds analysis. I shoot maybe ten ducks a year, now. Many a frigid, barren morning goes into that. You can grow grass on a stone wall waiting for the stray mallard to light into an unsweetened inland pond. One by one, duck hunting companions of my youth have been putting away their guns, and I am not the only erstwhile enthusiast who has left off attending *Ducks Unlimited* dinners and other such events designed to separate fanatidaephiles (*je m'excuse*) from their billfolds. What for?

Look: the baiting of doves has been effectively legalized. Oh, sure: scattering wheat has to approximate "normal farming practice," or some such balderdash. The census of serious South Carolina wheat growers must climb 5,000 percent every September, I reckon. I am not knocking the hypocrisy. It's fine by me. The vast majority of dove hunters get to bait...woops! I mean *legally broadcast wheat*, and they reap a fat harvest of...mourning doves, which may not be exactly what they have sown, but who is the cad to quibble? Permissiveness in this regard with respect to doves has probably spread them around, because when everyone is baiting, no one field is going to hog the whole population in a neighborhood, and meanwhile there is ample provender for stray bands everywhere.

It will be said that the dove and the duck cannot be compared, because whereas it has been demonstrated that the first is able to replenish its numbers from season to season, this is not the case with the second. Modern agricultural modes favor the dove as they do not favor, for example, the quail. There are more and more acres of pine forest for doves to nest in, and more and more grain fields for them to graze on. But just as there is every year decreasing habitat for the bobwhite, there are every year fewer and fewer watery refuges for the poor ducks.

A bad situation is bound to get worse when frustrated hunters one after another rack their guns and a generation comes along that knows not the sweet thrill of pinions tearing the fabric of the air. When ducks, like quail, have lost their following, who is going to support such worthy organizations as *Ducks Unlimited*? Where will their constituents come from?

Why not give the following a try? Permit ponds to be bloody well baited. But lay down exacting conditions, viz:

1. The pond must be registered with Federal and state game wardens.

2. The wardens must be advised one week prior to when a shoot is scheduled. Failure to do so will risk a $1,000.00 fine for the owner and an additional $500.00 fine for every quest, as well as closing the pond down for the balance of the season. Make that penalty stiff enough for people to sit up and take notice.

3. Pond owners registering for a license to bait will be required to install and maintain x-number of duck nesting boxes per flooded acre, as prescribed by the game department.

4. At the beginning of every wildfowling season, the authorities will establish how many ducks may be harvested from the pond. Among the factors entering into this determination might well be (a) how many wild ducklings have been raised through the first four (six? eight?) weeks after hatching, (b) how many artificially propagated young adult ducks have been released by the pond's owner, (c) migratory expectations for the season. Less 25%. Furthermore, 5. Pond owners will be required to continue dumping grain into their ponds at a rate of x-pounds per week per duck count for a period of eight weeks after the season has been rung out. Wardens will hereinafter be checking ponds to assure themselves that *sufficient* bait is being provided!

Consider Mr. Cecil B. Brown, who builds himself a five acre fen in a secluded branch bottom. His nesting boxes produce 40 summerducklings. In addition, he raises 50 mallards for release by the prescribed date. Weather in Canada has been favorable that spring and summer, and a strong migratory flight is expected. A formula for this third factor is devised, and it is determined that Mr. Brown's five acres might reasonably be expected to attract, say, twice as many wild ducks over the course of the season. (Some ponds will be better natural habitat than others, which can be taken into account.) The results are that Mr. Brown is given 30 woodduck tags, 45 other duck tags (50 raised mallards 10 migratory ducks less 25%). Mr. Brown apportions these tags to his guests. If he or they go over their allotted limit, tar and feather them!

Why not give controlled baiting a try? The word "baiting" must, of course, be laundered for public consumption. Dub it SWAP, for "Supplementary Wildfowl Alimentation Program." Call this supply-side conservation. We have had enough of the other, which in 68 years has achieved little better than progressively parsimonious redistribution of duck scarcity. The woodduck came back because shooting it was banned for a spell *and* because increased supply was encouraged through the building of artificial nesting boxes. The woodduck thrives not as a consequence of there being fewer gunners harassing it but because supply has been incrementing year after year under an aggressive and enlightened game management policy. Legalizing bait in some such fashion as I describe would encourage syndicates of a dozen or so hunters to maintain existing ponds, reclaim others, or shell out the very substantial sums now required for building new ones. The more ponds there are, the better, and the more baited ponds, even better—as far as ducks are concerned. Such a supply side philosphy puts shooting within the means of vastly more people, and it should make invigilance for wardens easier. Or are the sons of your son fated to wonder at the sanity of their elders as they squat forlornly by the edge of some dismal pothole, dreaming of ghostly shapes funneling out of the gray skies just as I persist in dreaming—futilely, foolishly—of those ingenuous quail of yore, spread out so vulnerably in the broomstraw?

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By Don Troiani, SAHA

Like an avenging angel he came thundering into their midst, sword unsheathed and eyes afire. Major General Nathan Bedford Forrest was neither the kind of leader to leave the close encounters with the enemy to his subordinates nor a soldier who missed a chance to strike his foe. At the Battle of Okolona the bold Tennessee warrior again displayed the reckless daring that made him a legend.

That day in February, 1864, he sensed victory as he observed U.S. General William Sooy Smith's troops withdraw from the field, and ordered his hard-riding command to attack. Then, with his bugler blowing the staccato "charge," Forrest himself galloped full speed towards the Union position, his faithful escort behind him. He might have felt especially compelled to plunge into the fight there, for only moments before he had knelt over the slain body of his youngest brother, Jeffrey, shot through the neck while leading his own brigade of cavalry forward. In moments Forrest and his sixty troopers were slashing through Smith's 500-man rear guard; gray and homespun flecks in a surging sea of blue. The rest of the brigade caught up, led by Colonel Robert McCulloch of the Second Missouri Cavalry. He saw at once the critical situation the brave General was in. Holding his wounded hand with its blood-soaked dressing aloft like an inspiring banner, he shouted "My God men, will you see them kill your General? I will go to his rescue if not a man follows me!" But follow him into the storm they did and soon they were by Forrest's side throwing the Union forces into flight.

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* * * *

THE LIE: The Southern Cross belongs to the Ku Klux Klan, the Hell's Angels, and other anti-social misfits.

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* * * *

THE LIE: The Southern Cross is no more than the symbol of an historic failure, a Lost Cause: the failed Confederate States of America. Southern patriots who claim the Southern Cross are living in the past and corrupting the future.

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